

THIS ENGLAND

Uniform with this book

THE 'WEEK-END' CALENDAR

Edited by GERALD BARRY

THIS ENGLAND

THE ENGLISHMAN IN PRINT

Edited by

GERALD BARRY

Thank God the air I breathe is English air,
Thank God the sod I tread is English sod,
Thank God, thank God that I'm an Englishman !
Thank God ! Thank God ! Thank God !

—HERBERT FARJEON

GEOFFREY BLES

22 SUFFOLK STREET, PALL MALL

LONDON, S.W. 1

1933

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY ROBERT MACLEHOSE AND CO LTD
THE UNIVERSITY PRESS GLASGOW

TO MY FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN

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INTRODUCTION

THIS book is a result of one of the biggest collaborations in literary history. Three groups of people have helped to create it. First, the Great British Public, but for whose unconscious co-operation it could never have come into existence ; second, the readers of the *Week-end Review*, whose unflagging industry with scissors and paste has filled the best part of a column of that paper every week for two-and-a-half years ; third, the editorial staff, who have filed, selected, printed and enjoyed the cuttings on successive press-days. Probably never since Domesday has a whole nation collaborated in the compiling of a book, if we except *Americana*, a compilation similar to this collected by readers of the *American Mercury*. I hasten to salute the genius of Mr Mencken, its editor, who first had the idea and whose idea we frankly copied in the *Week-end* ; though the results have been very different, as befits the difference between Americans and Englishmen.

A few lines are necessary to explain the book's purpose—for it has a purpose. Occasionally letters have been received at Essex Street complaining to the editor that a particular item in "This England" does not strike the reader as being funny. Let me explain once and for all, then, that the primary object in selecting the cuttings submitted for publication is not to make people laugh. It so happens that most of them *do* make people laugh, because the foibles and follies of which they afford examples are laughable. But some of them might more appropriately make people cry. Superficially this book is a funny book : at least, I find it funny. Fundamentally, it has a claim to be considered serious.

Taken together, these extracts from the Press of England form an important sociological document. Many a more

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scientific investigation might produce results less valuable. The people of England here stand self-revealed. These cuttings show us the kind of people they are ; the sort of things they read ; what they think and talk about as they travel to and from their work in tube and tramcar, or take their evening's leisure ; what are their beliefs ; who are their kings and prophets, their heroes and heroines, their villains and vamps. Next week or next year it may be another standard, another gallery of gods, that will rule over them : this census is typical of the early nineteen-thirties.

The Press, the film, broadcasting are bringing big changes in their outlook ; widening it, perhaps. Superficially at least their lives have been broadened by the extreme mobility of modern communications, the vast range of trivial knowledge made available through modern vehicles of intelligence. But if the change goes any deeper, this book is not the place in which to find evidence of it. All the old prejudices and preoccupations of the Englishman are here, as flourishing as ever. To the fundamental things, such as sport and politics, he remains staunchly loyal through everything.

What could be more traditional than the extracts gathered under the heading "Thank God that I'm an Englishman", showing how the Englishman truly believes himself to be the salt of the earth and all foreigners depraved or a little mad ? One cannot comment on such sublimity, one can only admire ; echoing the words of Mr Herbert Farjeon's song, the chorus of which, with his permission, I quote on the title-page (adding, without his permission, that he is guilty of an anti-social act in withholding this masterpiece so long from public circulation).

Close to this satisfaction in the simple fact of Being British is the group-conscious pride of the privileged class in being itself. It runs down the scale from the elegant-spoken peer who

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told his audience that people who hadn't a proper reverence for the House of Lords deserved to be classed with the "yellow-bellied" cowards who voted for the Oxford Union peace motion, to the loyalist who wrote to the paper to say that every good public-school man who encounters a dubious wearer of the Old School Tie should make a point of asking him where he got it. Mr Peter Fleming, in *Brazilian Adventure*, remarks that "by Agony Column standards one Old Boy is worth two young men." The *mot* has the sting of truth. Glance down the Personal Column of *The Times* any morning and you discover the truth of it, this public school stuff is still the stuff of England. It so happens that the Agony Column extracts here are not chiefly of this sort, rather, they show the English as being kindly, gullible and eccentric. But certain incredible extracts in this book represent the early twentieth-century equivalent of the early nineteenth-century snobbishness which could say (if anyone really did say it) that the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton. Under pressure of democracy and technocracy one supposed this sort of thing would be dying. The evidence of these pages is that, if dying it be, it is certainly dying hard. Perhaps in a few years' time this book will have become a museum.

If we turn from Public Schools to Sport, we find that here the Old Boy has no monopoly. In the domain of sport Englishmen irrespective of class are all old boys together. In sport the Englishman finds his natural expression even politics is a game. This liaison between sport and politics, so clearly revealed in these pages, is worthy of a moment's speculation. Señor de Madariaga, noting in his book, *Englishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards*, that the Englishman avoids abstract and intellectual operations and thinks only in connexion with action (hence his preoccupation with sport), offers what is probably the true explanation. Both games and the parlia-

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mentary system, he points out, are expressions of the English gift for "collaboration in opposition" In a game,

The opposition between the two camps is certain Their collaboration is no less certain Both camps fight in co-operation under a complicated system of four groups of tendencies first, the rivalry between the members of each camp to serve as well as or better than anyone else in the team, second, the co-operation within the team, third, the fight with the adversary team for victory, fourth, *the collaboration with the adversary team for the success of the game as a whole*

The italics are mine Here we have the key to the secret why hitherto the party system has functioned so well politics was a sport and the two sides, nominally opposed, were collaborating with one another "for the success of the game as a whole"—the game being Britain and the British people Now that the bottom has dropped out of our comfortable make-believe and things have become too serious for playing at them, the party system has broken down These four English types, the Thank-God-I'm-an-Englishman type, the Old Boy type, the Sport type, and the Political type—all so closely allied—are summed up in the words of the foreigner's gibe "One Englishman a fool, two Englishmen a football match, three Englishmen the British Empire" No doubt this is right, but one epigram cannot reveal us in all our richness like the packed absurdities of *This England* can It takes a foreigner to see us plain In *This England* we can see ourselves coloured

But just how seriously the Englishman takes his sport may be discovered in the first half-dozen or so of the items in the "Sport" section Games may be our politics and our politics a game, but the thing goes deeper than that Not sport and politics merely, but sport and religion, become hardly distinguishable from one another The Almighty, we observe, is never far from a playing-field, and in one superb passage is revealed in the image of an Umpire drawing the celestial

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stumps. We knew from such events as the Prayer Book debate in the House of Commons how hopelessly confused in the English mind, ever since the time of Cromwell and long before, religion and politics were. Now sport, it is clear, must be added to these two, to make an unholy trinity. (More than once in compiling this section I debated the need of a separate sub-section for Blasphemy.)

Among other divisions which afford a specially illuminating insight into the minds of our countrymen is that named "Our Elders and Betters", being a record of the quaint customs and sayings of those set in authority over us in Local Government, in Parliament and on the Bench. Blood relations of "Our Elders and Betters" are "Grundy and Dora : the Heavenly Twins" : they may be studied together with advantage. Other sections which the student will find rewarding are "Society" and "Fashion" (another pair of relatives) ; yet another, "Letters to the Editor". But I can find no excuse for going Baedeker-like through the whole list of attractions, noting the features of each and marking the special gems with a star.

Appearing in the *Week-end* a few at a time, these rare and refreshing fruits may seem merely *pour goûter*. One cannot consume them in bulk and not suffer some digestive inconvenience. But it would be a calamity if anyone who happens to read this Preface should fall into the opposite error of supposing that the book he has in his hands is wholly solemn. This introduction is intended to serve the purpose of Mr. Pycroft's waistcoat, which kept him, you remember, down to earth.

A few lines in explanation of method must be added. The majority of the items in *This England* are typical. The majority, that is to say, typify in some way or another the outlook, habits, manners, speech, or whatever it may be, of some institution, class or group of individuals, no matter how exalted or how insignificant, which go to make up the England we live in.

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Some items, I know, do not, and have been included because they have seemed to deserve it on other grounds. Inevitably several categories overlap, and the choice of sections for particular items has often had to be arbitrary. Some would go equally well into any one of three or four sections. A considerable number that obstinately refused to fit in anywhere and yet seemed worth retaining I have lumped together under "Miscellaneous", a colourless heading which for all that covers some of my favourites, including the touching account of the address that wasn't about butter.

GERALD BARRY

The Week-end Review,
24 Essex Street,
London, W.C.2.

SPORT
THE ENGLISHMAN'S RELIGION

SPORT

The conversation got to the Australian side and from that to past Australian sides, and I spoke of Blackham and Giffen. They had not heard of either of them. I was astonished and said, "Surely you have heard of Blackham? The best wicket-keeper the world has ever seen." They said, "When did he play?" I told them in the latter 'eighties. They exclaimed, "Oh, that was before we were born". I was exasperated and said, "Well, did you never hear of Napoleon and Jesus Christ?" That finished the argument.—*The Cricketer*.

It is a school for life, and one of its lessons is that no unforeseen calamity shall be allowed to depress or damp the heart of man. In that spirit Arsenal bore up nobly in the Stadium on Saturday, giving an example to all who believe that football is in the last resort something greater than it knows.—*The Times*.

Sir Julien Cahn, the well-known patron of cricket, quoted the following from a poem which is hung framed on the walls of the Nottinghamshire Cricket Club :

And when the last Great Scorer comes to write against
your name,
He writes not that you won or lost, but that you played the
game.

"I am not going to have anything said against Larwood", declared Sir Julien.—*News-Chronicle*.

"Saint Peter is, *par excellence*, the wicket-keeper of the heavenly team, and when we go there we shall find him behind the sticks", declared Admiral H. E. Grace, son of the immortal "W. G.", speaking yesterday at the annual sportsmen's

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service at Downend Church, Gloucestershire, within hailing distance of the pitch where his famous father learned his cricket.—*Daily Express*.

Many of us do not go all the way with Mr. Fairbairn, but all rowing men were thrilled a few weeks ago with the truth of his remark : " As a man meets his stretcher, so will he meet his God ". It is character that sport can help to build, not intellect.—Yours, etc., Thole-Pin, London, S.W., July 26.—Letter in *Daily Telegraph*.

The finest compliment it is possible to pay a man is to say that he is a Christian sport.—Mr. S. R. Newcombe (President of the Southampton Brotherhood), at the sports club's annual dinner.—*Southern Daily Echo*.

When we recall the running records of the Bishop of Norwich in his University days the suitability of Norwich Cathedral for a Sportsman's Service will become obvious.—*Eastern Daily Press*.

Miss Daves should join the Young Women's Christian Association. For myself, I am lonely, but get consolation out of the doings of West Bromwich Albion.—Albert Jannings, London.—Letter in *Sunday Express*.

If that is cricket, the game we were born and bred to, I say in all seriousness, God forbid such tactics ever happening again.—Lord Hawke, reported in *Daily Telegraph*.

Stretch out your right hand to us and we will grasp it eagerly, and not only we—the few representatives in Australia of the M.C.C.—but every cricketer in England, which means the world. Anything that may occur to ruffle the surface of cricket in Australia and England affects cricket the world over. I pray

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for peace as much as any statesman prayed for peace when his country was in danger of war.—Mr. P. F. Warner, reported in *The Times*.

"Whatever the film may appear to show will not make me alter my decision", the referee, Mr. W. Harper, said yesterday. To Hannen Swaffer on Saturday, Mr. Harper said: "It was a goal. As God is my judge the man was in play. I was eight yards away. I do not mind what other people say."—*Daily Herald*.

Lord Bridgeman takes the place of Lord Gainford—each a former Cabinet Minister and a country gentleman of essentially British outlook. Mr. R. C. Norman, who was Captain of the Eton XI long before he became Chairman of the London County Council, succeeds Dr. Rendall, who played football for Cambridge before he became Headmaster of Winchester.—*Leader in The Times*.

The sole topic of conversation amongst the general public yesterday was the vigorous reply of the M.C.C. to the Australian Board of Control. The fact that their meeting at Lord's lasted so long proves that the very greatest care was taken in the drafting of this perfect statement, in which one can discern the master hand of Lord Ullswater (a former Speaker of the House of Commons) and Sir Francis Lacey. Despite their ages (Lord Ullswater 77 and Sir F. Lacey 73) their vigour and courage in a difficult situation are unimpaired.—*News-Chronicle*.

Mr. Lyon said, "I greatly regret having to leave English cricket at this moment, but there is big work to be done in West Africa."—*Daily Express*.

The *News-Chronicle* will publish on Monday an arresting article by H. W. Austin, the famous lawn tennis player, on the issues raised at the Disarmament Conference.—*News-Chronicle*.

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VETERANS.—One reason why Henley regatta is so interesting is because one always meets the fine old veterans there. Mr. Stanley Baldwin cannot yet quite rank amongst the latter, but he is a very loyal Henley man, and would sooner miss the Varsity sports than the regatta. I believe he is quite a useful man in the boat, but more in the picnic than the sporting sense.—*Nottingham Evening Post*.

It is to be hoped that the system of examination at Oxford may be modified to correspond with that of Cambridge, where oarsmen are not impeded in their sport at Putney and at Henley, as they are so regrettably at Oxford.—Interview in *The Times*.

Until the senior University authorities realise that their duty in fitting the youth of England for the struggle of life does not only lie in the fostering of scholarship, and until they remove some of the handicaps which lie so heavily on the most serious sport at the University, I do not see how Oxford rowing can be lifted from the rut in which it now rests.—*Daily Telegraph*.

"I can only compare the action of the members of the Council of the Union who have signed this letter, to such a thing as W. G. Grace, having been given out by the umpire, going into the field and arguing with the spectators. It is not cricket."—Sir John Latta, reported in *Evening Standard*.

CHICHESTER SCHOOL, SUSSEX.—Two vacancies occur at specially reduced fees for boys good at Cricket.—Full particulars from the Bursar.—Advertisement in *Daily Telegraph*.

I am sure the public would appreciate a triumphant tour of the M.C.C. team through the City of London when they return from Australia. As a reader of your paper I look to you to support the idea.—Letter in *Daily Express*.

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If we could make everybody, including Russia, take up cricket, it would be the best guarantee for world peace ever made.—Mr. Collinson Owen in the *Sunday Pictorial*.

The Dulverton (Mr. Hancock's) country reports that a cub-hunting meet in early August saw "no fewer than fifteen youngsters out on ponies, which does not speak too badly for the future of a degenerate race like the British. . . ."—*The Times*.

On Monday, February 6, a large crowd of people gathered in the village square to see the hounds meet. We were fortunate in having a beautiful sunny morning, and the sight of good horse-flesh, well-groomed riders and a fine pack of hounds was sufficient to make one realise what a privilege it is to belong to this great sporting country of ours. I am sure our oldest parishioner, Mr. William France, who at the ripe age of 92 attended the meet, must have thought so. The hounds moved off in the direction of Lea-Rough Spinney, but there drew a blank, so we were denied a view of the hounds in full cry.—*Hodnet, Weston and Peplow Parish Magazine*.

There is also a staghound pack and a pack of otter-hounds, so what with hunting, shooting, and fishing one never need be idle for long.—*The Gamekeeper*.

NOTICE TO SHOOTERS.—An early fall of snow will help trapping. There is no lure better than a wide stain of blood on snow, and on snow tracks show up well.—Advertisement in *The Times*.

The Duke, therefore, has put down twenty thousand pheasants on some property farther up the valley, and has had two excellent days' shooting, eight hundred on the first day and a thousand on the next.—*Daily Sketch*.

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It was after a kill at Laxton's covert a day or two ago. Mr. C. Hilton-Green, the new master-huntsman of the Cottesmore, had just done Sir Richard Hopkins' four-year-old son, Allan, the honour of "bleeding" him. It was, undoubtedly, an auspicious occasion. A few graceful words of thanks were indicated. Instead the child turned to Mr. Hilton-Green, and said, with the characteristic irrelevance of inquisitive youth, "Do you think the fox minds being killed?"—*Daily Express*.

After the first kill the Hon. Camilla Gurdon, who is staying with Lord and Lady Conyers, bravely went through the "bleeding" ordeal. When the fox's blood had been freely smeared down her cheeks by George Tongue, the huntsman, she was invited by Mrs. George Paynter, whose husband is an equerry to the King, to come to dinner that night. "On no account wash the blood off. Come with your face dirty," said Mrs. Paynter.—*Daily Express*.

The English system of dealing with outbreaks by isolation and slaughter is exceedingly drastic. It sometimes puts a temporary stop to hunting.—Leader in *The Times*.

Eight men were injured and nine were arrested at the Scottish Juvenile Cup-tie match between Partick Glencairn and Townhead St. Mungo at Yorkhill Park, Glasgow. The game had not been long in progress when a fight broke out amongst the crowd, and bayonets, hatchets, knives, sticks and other missiles were used. The police were telephoned for, and as about fifty officers arrived they met a procession of men, bleeding from wounds in the head and face, marching to the Western Infirmary.—*The Times*.

The London netball girls are having a ramble in Kent on February 21. All comrades who want to have a real good time should come along.—*Daily Worker*.

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HINTS FOR THE SOCIAL HALF-HOUR.—This is fun. Players are blindfolded and sit opposite one another in pairs an arm's length apart. One of each pair is given a saucer with some bits of biscuit on it and with a spoon he or she has to try to feed the other player. They put the food in all sorts of queer places, but seldom in the mouth. The pair which has the most pieces of biscuit eaten when the saucer is empty wins the game.—*Home and Country*.

PRAGUE, JAN. 27.—England suffered their sixth defeat of the series in the competition for the Swaythling Cup, which carries with it the world's table tennis championship, being beaten by Germany after having beaten Yugoslavia. The only other success gained by England was against France, whom they beat by five matches to none. They have been beaten by India, Hungary, Latvia, Austria, Czecho-slovakia, and Germany. India, on the other hand, have done much better than the Mother Country, having won four and lost four matches.—*Reuter.*—*The Times*.

I do not think the public understand that Lindrum is doing more with a cue than Kubelik with a violin, Paderewski with a piano, or any great artist with a paint brush, and you do not seem to want to enlighten them.

Will billiards ever get rid of its bad name?—W. Cook (maker world's record at billiards, 42,746), Oxford Road, Manchester.—Letter in *Daily Express*.

"Passengers are advised to ascertain the destination of trains from this platform as they are liable to run both ways."—Notice on platform at Wembley Park Station, Metropolitan Railway.

DE VALERA LEADING.—**HOBBS' CABLE.**—Contents bill of the *Star*.

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Still single, with a passion for brightly coloured ties, golf and tennis, Jimmy typifies all that is best in the young man of to-day.
—*The Royal Pictorial*.

The annual Wall Game in progress at Eton yesterday. The sequence of pointless games, which has extended over twenty years, was maintained.—Caption of illustration in *The Times*.

POLITICS
THE ENGLISHMAN'S OTHER RELIGION

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It was an inter-denominational gathering, praying that voters would have spiritual guidance to-morrow, and although the thousands who attended were not explicitly told to vote National they were expected and encouraged to do so.—*Oxford Mail*.

SIR,—After listening in till somewhat late last night to many pleasing election results, the first thing I saw this morning (Wednesday) on throwing back my curtains at seven o'clock, was a wonderful rainbow reaching almost to the zenith and embracing a huge area of the western sky.—R. C. B., Sydenham, S.E. 26.—Letter in *Morning Post*.

The by-election campaign was more actively pursued during the week-end by Mr. Dobbie and his supporters than by the National Conservative candidate, who has no intention of adopting the Socialist habit of devoting Sunday evenings to political agitation.—*The Times*.

Mr. Lansbury underrates the intelligence of the unemployed when he credits, or seems to credit, them with the notion that their hard lot can be remedied by the action of Christians as such. Many Christians also are unemployed. . . . On every hand in this unhappy country are the unmistakable evidences of financial exhaustion—the great houses, Lumley, Ravensworth, Brancepeth, Lambton, even Wynyard, unoccupied or altogether derelict. . . . Christian citizens are, indeed, bound to obey the Apostle's admonition to pray ever "for kings and all that are in high place that we may lead a tranquil and quiet life in all godliness and gravity". Such prayers form an integral part of the public service of the Church of England, and they are, at frequent intervals, supplemented by special prayers issued

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by authority. What more is required ?—The Bishop of Durham in a letter to *The Times*.

I am an old-fashioned Tory and am probably considered a back number in this age of "talk". May I plead that we should humbly return to obedience to one of the immutable laws of God—the law of supply and demand ?—(Rev.) Montague Fowler, Bart., London, E.C. 2.—Letter in *Daily Herald*.

He was filled with resentment at the wild and foolish statements which had been made with regard to gold mining in Kenya, and particularly resented the intrusion of the Church which he thought would be better employed in looking after its own affairs.—Sir John Sandeman Allen, speaking in the House of Commons, reported in *Manchester Guardian*.

I would remind all that our votes are recorded by means of a cross. That cross should remind us that behind the candidates there is an unseen Candidate who seeks the suffrages of all at this time. If folk use the secrecy of the ballot-box to vote as in His presence, then the act will become a sacrament and every vote a prayer for Britain, and then we may face the future with confidence.—I am, etc., J. Penry Thomas, 54 Colchester Avenue, Cardiff.—From a letter in the *Western Mail*.

Councillor Joseph Brown, Mr. W. G. Cove's election agent in Aberavon, says that on the day Mr. Ramsay MacDonald returned to Seaham a framed photograph of the Premier fell from the wall of Mr. Brown's study, and was damaged beyond repair.—*Daily Herald*.

An attractive manner, a nice voice, and a pretty face may influence the voters. But that is not enough. Every worker should make it her business to have a sound knowledge of the cause for which she is working.—*Daily Mirror*.

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Before setting off for the country women are choosing their campaign clothes with the greatest care. This is a subject to which careful thought is now given at the party headquarters. Women with little experience of public life are glad to get the advice of the knowledgeable officials there.—*Daily Telegraph*.

There are two National candidates at South-West St. Pancras, both of whom refuse to stand down for the other. . . . Mr. Cecil Hayes, L., has challenged Mr. George Mitcheson, U., to box, wrestle, shoot, ride, or speak, the winner to be nominated as the National candidate.—*The Times*.

The Whips had the greatest difficulty in stemming the revolt. It was felt that if the Prime Minister had not been in a nursing home a serious position would immediately have arisen.—*Daily Express*.

Mrs. Norah Cecil Runge has been adopted prospective Conservative candidate for the Rotherhithe Division of Bermondsey. Mrs. Runge, who was given the O.B.E. for superintending the soldiers' and sailors' free buffet at Paddington Station during the war, owns several racing greyhounds.—*Evening Standard*.

Mr. Robert Perkins, the Conservative candidate in the Stroud by-election, is a young man of varied talents. He plays cricket for the Eton Ramblers, is a member of the New Forest Hunt Club, and a motor-boat enthusiast.—*Daily Telegraph*.

Sir Herbert Cory, addressing Welsh Conservative clubmen at Cardiff on Saturday, declared that heavy taxation was killing industries in South Wales. For the last few years he had been obliged to live on his capital, and charitable causes to which he previously subscribed had had to suffer. . . . A resolution was passed protesting against "the low gravity of the working man's beer".—*Manchester Guardian*.

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Lord Salisbury (the president) described Lord Hailsham as a sound Conservative, which was of importance in these days when people got so accustomed to working with people of other parties that the fine edge of their Conservatism was apt to get blunted.—*The Times*.

Conservatives . . . should not be deterred by the fact that it is far easier to be plausible and convincing about Socialism than about Conservatism. Those who cannot argue should remember that there is much virtue in a stolid reiteration. Above all, Conservatives should not be so absurdly ready to "listen to the other side".—Letter in *Morning Post*.

Mr. J. H. Greenwood, a candidate for Fulham East, is a Liberal National, and not, as described in the first returns of nominations, a National Liberal.—*Evening Standard*.

He gets on a platform and rouses the enthusiasm of the children by writing names on the blackboard. Having done the King, Queen, and Prince of Wales, he writes: "Louis Smith, M.P. for —". The children supply the answer in unison, and shout "Always". "When you grow up you are going to vote —?" asks Major Whitaker. "Conservative", is the unanimous response that can be heard in the street outside.—*Sheffield Daily Telegraph*.

He was only then removed after addressing to a steward the filthiest observation which one man can address to another—"Lousy bastard".—Letter from Sir Oswald Mosley in *Manchester Guardian*.

We wanted our policy to be a policy of co-operation with the rest of the world, but we wanted to be independent, free to direct our policy as we willed and as we thought best, not in a selfish

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interest, but in a common interest.—Sir Austen Chamberlain, reported in *The Times*.

There can be no doubt that the vast bulk of public opinion in this country, though by no means insensible to ethical considerations, strongly approves the principle of policy that has guided Sir John Simon.—Leading article in *The Times*.

(2) The articles to which this resolution applies are articles of any of the descriptions specified in the table annexed to this resolution to which the Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries has, by Order, applied any Act of the present session for giving effect to this resolution.—*Text of Luxury Food Imports Resolution*.

For that reason, and because he had great faith in the staying power of our people, he thought he could safely say that looking at matters from the position of the President of the Board of Trade, he did not see signs of immediate recovery, but he was absolutely certain that recovery would come. (Cheers.)—Mr. Walter Runciman, reported in *The Times*.

It does not seem to be sufficiently realised that the two principal lines of policy upon which we have now embarked—tariffs and Empire trade—both call for adequate naval strength if they are to become effective. How can a country hope to maintain tariff barriers against other countries if there is not in the background sufficient strength to enforce respect?—Letter in *The Times*.

There need be no question, however, of a tariff war, unless it is a war to end tariffs. When Protection is general and equal it amounts to much the same thing as general Free Trade.—Leader in *Sunday Pictorial*.

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The following message has been sent by Lady Houston to the Japanese Ambassador in London : " Lady Houston congratulates Japan on her victory. No kinder fate could happen to China than for her to exchange the misery of mismanagement and muddle to which she has been accustomed for the orderly organisation of Japan, and Lady Houston hopes we shall soon see the whole of China under Japanese rule."—*Morning Post*.

Persia had, only the other day, repudiated her obligations. Well, he said that they were not going to stand that sort of thing. (Applause.) Action must be necessary. If we were going to lie down under such a position, we might just as well pack up and let the Germans or somebody else wipe their feet on us.—Commander Marsden, M.P., reported in *South-Western Star*.

Brigadier-General R. E. Sugden, D.S.O., speaking on Saturday at a Yorkshire area conference of women's branches of the British Legion, at Leeds, said : " My advice to England at the present moment of crisis in the Far East is to let the yellow men have a go at each other if they want to, while we sell them cloth ".—*Northern Echo*.

AT LAST !—Empire Free Trade at last ! Now can I depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen the promised land.—B. Simmons, jun., Whyteville Road, Forest Gate, E. 7.—Letter in *Daily Express*.

We heard a voice in the Fenland yesterday—the stern, strong voice of the man who is determined that the Empire shall prosper. Oh ! that that voice could have been heard all over Britain as it was in Frampton House Park, South Lincolnshire, by the Employees' Association of Messrs. Dennis, the great potato firm, and the thousands of farmers and labourers who had

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come to hear. Lord Beaverbrook had come at the invitation of Mr. Frank Dennis, president of the association.—*Sunday Express*.

A complete break with the Free State would be the most beneficial thing that could possibly happen to Britain. Consider the consequences. Every Irish dole-drawer would become an alien, and could be deported. Irish University degrees would no longer be recognised, which would give our own educated classes a chance. Unemployment would vanish, for Sir James O'Connor estimated the Catholic Irish in Britain at 3,000,000. The dole would disappear, and the old-age pension would be abated by many millions of pounds.—*The Patriot*.

Mr. A. W. Trevarthen (on behalf of bird food manufacturers) contended that, as at the creation it was the will of God to place the animal creation under the control of man, we were justified in using the feathered races for our enjoyment. It might safely be assumed that millions of money were involved in the trade, and the passing of the Bill would result in considerable unemployment all over the country.—*Manchester Guardian*.

There are brighter and more definite signs of a permanent return to prosperity of the West Somerset wicker and cane chair industry since the National Government came into power.—*Bristol Evening World*.

An attempt to produce an all-British art doll to retail at 3s. 6d. has failed to the extent that the head has still to be imported, but the doll is 88 per cent. British, and five towns have contributed to its manufacture.—*The Times*.

It would, of course, have been much easier for me to take the other course, when I would have been freed from the responsi-

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bility and from the misrepresentation and abuse, but in public life there comes a time when the national interest must be supreme.—The Prime Minister, reported in *The Times*.

“Let’s give politics a hell of a kick in the seat of the pants”, he roared.

“That’s the spirit, admiral”, a man replied. “Speak straight out and we’ll know what you mean.”—*Daily Express*.

THE NEXT WAR
PATRIOTISM LTD.

THE NEXT WAR

At the same time I quite agree with the Bishop's assertion that at the bottom our troubles are spiritual, the solution of which is of the nature of a sacrament, the outward and visible sign of which is an efficient army and an unhampered navy. . . .—Yours, etc., Herbert Channing, Melbecks Vicarage, Richmond.—Letter in *Yorkshire Post*.

I should be grateful for permission to state that the portion of my letter crowded out of a recent issue showed a sympathy with pacifism not brought out by the sentences chosen for publication.—(Rev.) Cecil Grant, Harpenden.—Letter in *Daily Telegraph*.

When the British Navy was Mistress of the Seas, and was so called because it always rushed to the help of all who needed help no matter what their nationality—peace reigned in Europe—for our glorious Navy ensured it. . . . Therefore I know that what I am writing to you now is an inspiration from Heaven to say what I feel I must say to urge you to save Britain from the terror of Invasion—Famine—Pestilence—and Slavery.—From Lady Houston's letter to Mr. Chamberlain, in the *Evening Standard*.

Mr. Stuart Walde, headmaster of Chigwell School, Essex, in his annual report on Speech Day, emphasised the importance of the O.T.C., which, he said, was second only to the school chapel in beneficial influence to the boys. The martial atmosphere was not a spiritual danger.—*Evening Standard*.

. . . He stated that he would like his executors if possible to offer the sum of £250 to the Headmaster of Harrow School "to found a prize to be awarded annually to the writer of the best

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essay on some military or naval aspect of England or our Imperial history, as despite the efforts of pacifists and other cranks to scrap the British Navy and the British Army, I anticipate that our fighting men will again be repeatedly summoned to restore the situation, and therefore it is desirable to interest the younger generation in what they have previously achieved".—*The Times*.

The Lord Mayor said that the world had not yet reached the ideal conditions in which an army of defence was unnecessary, and he urged that sons coming from public schools to city firms should join the Territorial Army. It should be looked upon as equally important as being a member of a golf club.—*Manchester Guardian*.

The problem as it is seen here, therefore, is not so much to preserve the present French Army, as to substitute something better adapted to the next war. If the work at Geneva can be facilitated in the process, so much the better.—Paris Correspondent in *Morning Post*.

If war broke out he felt perfectly sure that all of age in the O.T.C. would volunteer. He regretted that in most cases when boys left public schools they gave up military training entirely. He thought it was far better that boys when they left school should join a Territorial unit rather than go about the country hiking with fat-faced women.—Major-General Gibbs' address to Rossall O.T.C., reported in *Fleetwood Chronicle*.

There were people . . . who believed old stories about the influence which armament firms were said to have exercised in the past in the interests of war. There was not a shadow of truth in such stories. Armament firms were the most peaceful of people, and in their own interests did not want war, but only

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that we should be prepared for war. They felt it would be absolutely criminal to send out our ~~men~~ unless they were equipped and armed in the best way possible. . . . It was useless to expect the League of Nations to settle all quarrels.—Mr. Douglas Vickers, reported in *The Times*.

THE GREAT INANE

THE GREAT INANE

They met while engaged on war work, but at no time had there been any affectionate relation between them. For a considerable time Miss Baron had been following Mr. Shindler, walking behind him, in front of him, and by his side. Into his letter-box she had put tea, broken eggs, sour milk, pieces of toast, stones, flour, and lemons. She made crosses on his door with butter, and had threatened to continue this persecution until Mr. Shindler talked to her.—*Evening Standard*.

Miss Frost told the *Evening Standard* to-day: "He hit me on the temple with his fist, and I was knocked into the ditch. While I was lying there dazed something made me say to him: 'Thanks very much!' He replied, in quite a refined accent: 'Oh, don't mention it!'"—*Evening Standard*.

Evidence was given that Butler was found by a policeman in a car with a front wheel in a ditch. When roused he said, "Is that you, dear?" to which the policeman replied, "No, it's a policeman".—*The Times*.

STUNNED WITH STICK OF ROCK.—Reginald Bowles, 50, market gardener, of Gosforth, was fined 20s. at Newcastle Police Court yesterday for assault. It was stated that Benjamin Patrick and a woman who had formerly been Bowles's house-keeper were walking home at night when Bowles spoke to them. A quarrel ensued, and Bowles struck Patrick a blow on the head with a stick of mint rock, causing him to collapse and fracture his ankle. The rock broke in two pieces, and Bowles went home eating the portion remaining in his hand.—*The Times*.

A WHELK'S ADVENTURE.—To the Editor.—Dear Sir,—During the very heavy downpour this morning between 7.45

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and 8 a.m. my son observed a wheel suddenly drop in my drive. It was complete in every way and would certainly appear to have been drawn up in the air with the water and dropped in the deluge.—Yours faithfully, S. W. Humphery, Sea View, Oulton Broad, January 3.—Letter in *Eastern Evening News*.

He believed that St. Paul himself would have been willing to "wear the regulation " hiking " costume and abbreviate his garments to win disciples.—*The Times*.

The duties of the Medical Council are many, but their main function is to protect the wives and daughters of the public from about 20,000 men in the medical profession, especially in this era when laxity of morals appears to be the rule rather than the exception.—*Daily Telegraph*.

In the report of Thursday's hearing, supplied by an agency, Miss Harthy was made to say in her evidence, " I went behind a chair and tried to put on my pyjama trousers ". What she actually said was, " I tried to put on my pyjama trousers ".—*Daily Herald*.

Here, at the end of one of the stands, I caught sight of some yellow roses and lilies. I went up to smell them and discovered they were made of butter. . . . Their maker told me they were all made by hand. " It took me about three weeks ", she said, " for I can only work in the evenings when the butter is cool and firm. Yes, it's tiring and finicky work, but I enjoy doing it." I was glad to see they had won a first prize.—*Yorkshire Evening Post*.

An artistic friend in Paris sent us a small flower which she had made herself entirely from breadcrumbs before colouring it. The Post Office Customs examined it, broke it in pieces and

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charged us 11d. duty.—Dominie, London, S.E. 22.—*News-Chronicle*.

Old silk stocking legs make quite pretty ties for boys cut and shaped by pattern of an old tie.—A. E. Bridges.

To-day's Thought: Success is nought—endeavour's all.—*Sbere Parish Magazine*.

A TABLE DUSTBIN.—A receptacle for table use, designed for the reception of unpalatable portions of food, bones, etc., which would otherwise cumber the plate. Useful for cigarette ends, crumbs, etc.—*Catalogue of the Exhibition of Inventors*.

The usual queue of sightseers was filing past the barrel in which the rector was seated, reading a book, when a police inspector walked through the turnstiles and asked that the top of the barrel should be removed.—*Daily Express*.

Mr. Gannon stated in court: "I think there is some mistake about the undertaking I gave to the magistrates earlier in the week. The undertaking I gave was that I should not put the rector in the barrel. I have five or six offers begging me to hand him over, but I thought I would put him on a chair".—*Evening Standard*.

INVITATION TO GANDHI.—Mr. Gannon is to-day sending a cable to Gandhi, the Indian Nationalist leader, inviting him, if he is released from prison, to come to England and carry out his fast to death in a barrel at Blackpool. "Your case, right or wrong, will then be understood by the people of England", said the cable.—*Star*.

There is no place like Ealing in the whole country. Even the cats and dogs are different. You won't find such children any-

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where else, and there is no mistaking an Ealing face the whole world over.—The Rural Dean of Ealing, reported in *Evening Standard*.

A retired Ealing dress designer, David Livingstone Sargeant, 57, Haven Lane, Ealing, walked into the Ealing Police Station last week and handed in a will leaving all his property to the Government. The police, doubting his mental condition, sent for his friends, who took him home.—*Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*.

A remarkable feature of the cricket at this stage was that Mitchell and Bowes, both wearing spectacles, bowled against two Indians. Surely this must be unique for any match—let alone Gentlemen *v.* Players.—*Star*.

But it may still be a happy Christmas for all who are able to take it in the proper spirit, and, thanks to Mr. Chamberlain and the Government, it should be a happier Christmas because it is to have two Bank Holidays instead of one. Nor need there be the slightest fear that in this year's exceptional conditions the additional day of leisure will lead to any slackening in the moral fibre of the nation or of its capacity for work.—Leader in *The Times*.

A FEW WORDS TO SIR JOHN SIMON. By Lady Houston.—I should shiver and shake and stammer and turn red and white and all colours, and my inferiority complex would be ticking 999 below zero if we met. For you are the greatest of lawyers and I am only a timid little widow, but when my patriotism is roused I become a blazing, burning lump of audacity.—*Sunday Express*.

I have been entering competitions for the past fifteen years. Since 1917 I have had each prize won recorded by a tattoo

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mark upon my body. Targets are recorded on the legs, large money winnings on the arms, small sums on the back, gramophones, wireless sets and so on, on the chest. This week I have been wondering where to put ten targets.—Yours, etc., I. B. Bennett, 40 Relugas Road, Edinburgh.—Letter in *Everybody's Weekly*.

Rural England at its best! Cowsheds, stables and a big haystack blazing furiously go to make this picture typical of farming in England.—From Wimborne Cinema programme.

It is a fallacy to say that the English are bad at languages. In fact, the English are better linguists than the French, who are very reluctant to try themselves in a foreign tongue. So it comes that the general intercourse is in English.—*Observer*.

Damn the dons! Damn snobbery! And damn dirt! What is good enough for Americans and Canadians is good enough for us.—Mr. James Douglas in the *Sunday Express*.

The other day I asked a library to send me a novel which one of my readers had assured me was unfit for publication. I was told that this novel was not circulated by them. If the libraries refuse to circulate the nauseous nonsense written by nasty-minded neophytes, whose illiteracy is as low as their taste, the level of fiction will soon be raised. After all, library subscribers are not all yahoos.—James Douglas in *Sunday Express*.

IF I WERE LORD KYLSANT.—James Douglas discusses the great human problems raised by the release from prison of one of the greatest figures in public life. An article that will bring new faith, new hope, to countless thousands.—*Daily Express*.

Another book that I itch to do is a defence of the immortality of the soul.—James Douglas in *Daily Express*.

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I thought of all the millions of money spent on electric and other artificial lights, and it occurred to me that if we pooled this money and installed an artificial sun to shine over London at night it would have a much better result, and save us all the trouble of artificially lighting our buildings.—Hermes, W. 1.—*Daily Telegraph*.

SIR,—I have often heard it stated that birds are colour blind. Harold, my canary, certainly is not. If I tie a yellow scarf on my head he will not take the slightest notice of me, no matter what I do to attract his attention. If I change the yellow for a plum-coloured scarf, he at once becomes demonstratively affectionate.—(Mrs.) F. J. Palmer, London, W. 2.—Letter in *Morning Post*.

Mrs. Elizabeth French, of Salisbury Villas, Dorchester, was 102 yesterday, and had the Budget news read to her. There was nothing in it, she said, that caused her any worry.—*Daily Mirror*.

BE PROPERLY DRESSED. By F. J. Perry.—... I once bathed from the beach without a swimming costume because I thought that no one was about, but I did not enjoy that swim as much as usual because I knew something was wrong.—*News-Chronicle*.

The fact that my husband has referred to Blackburn without using a capital letter is another indication that he is in an abnormal state of health.—*Daily Express*.

An experiment, which originated in America and which is directed against the pernicious habit of kissing, is well worth the consideration of those who have the welfare of infants at heart.

The attack is in the form of a rubber bib. There is, of course,

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nothing very original in that, but this is no ordinary bib. Across the top is inscribed :

" I don't want to be ill." (In American " get sick ".

How helpful it would be if our Infant Welfare Centres were to take up this idea with perhaps the added British touch of politeness in the word " Please ". As a means of propaganda, such a bib might, in the first instance, be given as a birthday present to every infant born during a certain month.—*Wimbledon Borough News*.

You might have taken him for an English country gentleman. But when one came face to face with him in his study and watched his features more closely one found them full of character.—*Evening News*.

Although he was genial and a ready talker, there was a note of the old aristocracy about him—his rooms had red tapestried chairs, and were studded with statuary.—*News Chronicle*.

" I was received by the Holy Father two years ago. I wonder what he will say when he hears I have become a Moham-medan ? " Asked why she changed her religion while flying over the Channel, she replied : " It was because I love the sea ". —*News Chronicle*.

There are not many lady-drummers, and none, I am sure, who could play the percussion instrument in public when well over 80, after sixty years of happy wedlock and useful philanthropic work.—*Sunday Times*.

Lady Alington (age twenty-nine) is the other woman that comes to my mind. She gathers wool from a blanket, an arm-chair, or her tweed skirt, which she twists into a small ball. This she secretes in her bag. She twiddles with it all day if she

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has the chance. She keeps the same bit for as long as she can.—*Daily Express*.

Personally, I like long hair, but I do not consider that bobbed hair can make the slightest difference to a Christian character.—Dr. Campbell Morgan in *News-Chronicle*.

Having heard that Mr. George Bernard Shaw is a motor-cyclist, Mrs. Clara Brown, "the motor-cycling grandmother", is anxious to meet him in a race. . . . She said she was prepared to challenge Mr. Shaw to a race on level terms.—*Sunday Chronicle*.

HEREDITARY HABITS.—My mother had a habit of kicking off her slippers when sitting at the table.

I had forgotten all about it, until I found one of my daughters doing the same thing. I am certain it had never been mentioned to her.—Letter to Editor in *Daily Express*.

Not since before the war have there been so many pretty young mothers as there are now in Mayfair. It is, indeed, very much the fashion to have babies, the exact opposite to what it was two or three years ago.—*Daily Mail*.

The group of figures set out below can be read to make the sentence printed immediately beneath it :

1,121,790. "One follows another one, to one's Heaven,
I know."

Is it not amazing that this combination of figures, as I have discovered, shouts such an encouraging and grammatically complete message to humanity ; while no other combination of seven figures can be found to articulate anything ?—T. G. Wintle, Ilkley.—*Daily Telegraph*.

THE HEAVENLY TWINS
GRUNDY AND DORA

THE HEAVENLY TWINS

(a) Grundy

Regarding the sweepstakes resolution, the President, Dr. E. Griffith-Jones, of Bradford, said that the Council stood four square against all forms of raffles at bazaars and gambling.

Mrs. Matthews, Cheltenham, appealed to women to use their influence to prevent the organisation of cake weight guessing competitions at bazaars.—*Morning Post*.

Dr. A. Salter (Soc., Bermondsey) : Sweepstakes for hospitals are humbug, exploiting human cupidity and acquisitiveness in the name of charity. Nationally recognised gambling means national ruin.—*Daily Mail*.

Hythe's fête in aid of the hospital has been spoiled by bad weather this year. A member of the organising committee told me : " Last year the vicar warned us that something might happen if we persisted in running the game of Esmeralda—a kind of Chemin-de-fer. I am wondering if this is our punishment ".—*Evening News*.

There was no demand at Oswestry for mixed bathing. If the Council adopted the principle of mixed bathing they did not know how far it would carry them, for he noticed that at Wallasey, where they had mixed bathing, they now asked for a dancing licence . . . he asked the Council to keep the corporation baths free of any suggestion of impropriety.—*Manchester Guardian*.

Later in the evening a recommendation from the Entertainments Committee to provide diving experts to give displays at the open-air swimming pool, including one described as " Dare-Devil ", caused Mr. Jones to ask if such displays were

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to be held on Sundays. On being informed that they would be, he said, "I knew that the devil was fast coming to Rhyl, but I did not think he would come in name".—*Liverpool Echo*.

Another delegate said he had seen a well-known woman swimmer at Burton-on-Trent attack a record when he was far from satisfied that she was wearing a suitable costume.—*Gloucestershire Echo*.

We, who are in our adulthood, ought to be eager to protect the youth of our land from having things which are not decent thrust upon them, whether they want it or not. I believe that much of this sort of thing springs chiefly from want of serious thought rather than deliberate intention to shock. I would suggest that town councils and other authorities should post notices requesting all to dress as becomes ladies and gentlemen.—Yours, etc., British Honour, Tankerton-on-Sea.—From letter in *Daily Telegraph*.

It is becoming a question whether our seaside resorts are fit or suitable places to visit nowadays. . . . No decent minded person would wish to marry a member of the opposite sex, who shamelessly flaunts before the gaze of a sneering public nudities and crudities which might be looked at askance even by the aborigines of the wilds of Africa or Asia. Isn't it about time that so-called civilised people returned to a measure both of sanity and of decency?—*Seale and Sands Parish Magazine*.

As for England, we are sorry to say that there is a widespread resolve to lower the standards of modesty still further during any hot weather that 1932 may tardily give us.—*The Tablet*.

Girl members of a hiking club at Rhyl sprang a surprise on the men by threatening to resign if the men members continue

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to wear shorts. The girls contended that shorts were indecent. This left the men nonplussed, as they were out to agitate that the girls should adopt shorts to be in keeping with other clubs.—*Manchester Evening News*.

"We are doing all we can to get the young people's minds away from all this silly sex question", he said, "and to turn them to things that will do them good. The Public Morality Council watch every cinema, every play, and all the books. We watch the open spaces. I have reported to Mr. George Lansbury what I have seen in Hyde Park."—The Bishop of London.—Reported in *Morning Post*.

Women police had diverted young girls from the streets, the art galleries and libraries when they seemed to be in danger of being led astray.—*Daily Herald*.

Dr. J. A. Sharp, ex-President of the National Free Church Council, said that if they were to preserve the Christian Sunday they would have to fall back on coercion in some form or other. He believed cinemas were a soul-destroying and damning influence. It should be met with stern repression.

The Rev. Moffatt Gautrey (Torquay) said that cinemas were a plague spot in the life of the nation. He protested emphatically against the spirit of compromise.—*The Times*.

An immediate ban should be placed upon all sex and crime films. Only love scenes in which a husband and wife partake should be shown; all extra-matrimonial relations should be rigidly taboo.—R. Pusey, Kensington, S.W.—*Saturday Review*.

The wife of the girl's employer, in her husband's absence, told me to-day that Miss Henry had previously been asked to look for work elsewhere, but admitted that she and her husband

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read of the trouser incident. In his letter the employer stated : " It is against my religious principles for a young girl to appear in public in trousers ".—*Daily Mirror*.

I don't know what my readers thought of Miss Sackville-West's plea on behalf of D. H. Lawrence's books over the wireless last Monday, but frankly I was astonished. I have read one of that writer's novels, though it was hard work to stick it out, and that was enough for me. The man who wrote it is better forgotten, whatever else he did.—*Newsagent and Booksellers' Review*.

The thoughtful man realises in a moment that " Genesis " is imagination run riot, but there will be hundreds of thousands who see this monstrosity who will now never allow their wives to become mothers.—*Manchester Evening News*.

" It is a shameful and shocking proposal ", said the Rev. A. G. Prichard. Miss Agnes Dawson said that she could never understand why beer should be associated with happiness and high spirits. Mr. Eric Hall reminded the opponents of the proposal that beer was now very mild, and each old boy would not consume more than a pint of British ale.—*Morning Post*.

North Wales Calvinistic Methodists discussed at Caernarvon on Wednesday whether or not the Church had a right to refuse membership to anyone engaged in the liquor trade. . . . A special committee appointed to consider the matter had submitted a report to the effect that there was a rule which did not allow a church to receive into membership any person who carried on the trade of a licensee, and the committee expressed the opinion that any member on becoming a licensee ceased to be a member of a church, together with his wife if she took any part in the business. . . . The Rev. Aethwy Jones (Liverpool)

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said the committee had adhered to its terms of reference which only concerned a licensee and his wife ; otherwise the scope of the recommendation might be widened so as to include grocers and chemists who sold alcoholic drinks.—*Western Mail*.

When an extension of the drink and dance hours at South-end's biggest hotel on three nights next week (Carnival Week) was applied for yesterday, the chairman of the bench (Mr. J. Francis) said : " Surely 1.30 a.m. is a late hour to be dancing. Isn't midnight rather late for supper, and do you really think that officers of His Majesty's Navy want to drink at one o'clock in the morning ? "—*News-Chronicle*.

There are some people, lovers of flowers, who would be inclined to exhibit, but refuse because they are not in the habit of frequenting public-houses, and are reluctant to go into them, or on the premises. Scientists tell us that alcohol is deadly to plant life, then why associate it with Flower Shows ? It is almost like wearing funeral attire at a wedding. Out of place.—*Church Temperance Times*.

The Bishop of Lincoln, speaking at St. Martin's Church, Lincoln, referred to the " dangerous results " of prohibition in America, and advocated the Sunday closing of public-houses in England.—*The Times*.

There are many reasonable people in our district who feel very uneasy about the degrading happenings on carnival night. The riot of passion that is exhibited is bad.

I understand that a letter of protest has been sent to the committee responsible for the carnival, urging in the interests of decent behaviour that the use of confetti should be disallowed.—The Vicar of Herne Bay (Canon Jolly) as reported in the *Evening Standard*.

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(b) *Dora*

¶ Southend licensing justices to-day expressed disapproval of dart playing in local licensed houses on Sundays. The Chairman (Mr. Jas. Tabor) said that such games might lead to gambling, and that threw on the licensee a very heavy responsibility. Every man was not an expert dart thrower, and accidents might arise. Recently a probation officer of the Southend Court said that dart playing in Southend public-houses was a source of great trouble to young men, and often led to secret gambling.—*Gloucestershire Echo*.

“ We have received a report from the Chief Constable that certain of our licensees have been cautioned by the police for allowing games of darts, etc., to be played on licensed premises on Sunday. For your information, we would inform you that the licensing justices do not approve of such games being played on Sunday, and we shall be glad if you will take steps to ensure that the justices’ wishes are carried out. We suggest the advisability of removing from the licensed portion of your house on Sundays all dart boards and other games equipment, and so remove any possibility of further complaint.”—Letter to Brighton publicans quoted in *Star*.

A sergeant who watched round the edge of a window curtain said that the two defendants were playing a game of darts after 10 o’clock at night, their opponents being Burton’s son and son-in-law, both of whom lived on the premises. When one game of darts finished the landlord served four beers. Further drinks were served later. The sergeant said the dart players were very excited, especially towards the end of the game. There was a cheer when Whitehead threw the winning dart.—*Star*.

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The Recorder : "What sort of club is the 77 Club ?"—
"There is dancing and a bar." Recorder : "I don't know
why they should call these places clubs. The police should
look into this sort of thing."—*Daily Herald*.

Superintendent Hodges and Detective O'Dwyer, of Cardiff,
who recently seized 3,000 books, have read sixty-nine novels
between them during the past week.—*Scotsman*.

Detective-inspector Thomas Lander admitted that the two
books were works of art in the hands of artists, but, in the hands
of ordinary people, he held that they were obscene. He came to
a similar conclusion about five novels.—*Daily Telegraph*.

A Leigh (Lanes) licensee was fined £5 to-day because his
wife supplied whisky during prohibited hours to a man seized
with illness. The wife and man were each fined 20s.—*Evening
Standard*.

Sub-Divisional Inspector Wells, of Vine Street Police
Station, was called as a witness to tell how with other policemen
he entered the club at 11.45 on January 15. There were then
seventy-two people in the club. The sandwiches he saw on
various tables were tiny. Each sandwich measured 3 ins. by
2½ ins., cut diagonally.—*Daily Express*.

Mr. Pierron : "And you had tried to get Magee to pick you
up ?"—"Not exactly, but I sauntered along the road with the
hope that he would stop and pick me up."

"And he did not ?"—"No."

"You were trying to make him break the law ?"—"I was
there to get a case."

Another policeman said he was also in plain clothes and was
carrying golf clubs. He admitted that he walked slowly along

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the road to see if Magee would pick him up, but he made no attempt to do so.—*News Chronicle*.

In granting a licence to the Regal Cinema Café, Uxbridge, to serve intoxicants with meals, the Uxbridge Justices yesterday stipulated that no drink should be served with a meal that cost less than 1s. 6d.—*Manchester Guardian*.

Lancaster Castle licensing bench yesterday decided to vary the week-day permitted hours from half-past eleven to four, instead of three, and from six to ten, instead of five-thirty to ten. The reason given was that motor-coach parties arrived in villages about three, and demanded liquor, which could not be legally supplied. By the change temptation would be eliminated.—*Observer*.

For supplying more beer than was asked for a fine of £5 was imposed at Bradford City Police Court to-day upon Alfred Raithby, of Ripon Street. He pleaded "Guilty". Mr. J. B. Willis (prosecuting) said that a man leaving defendant's shop with a jug of beer was stopped by the police. The man said that he had ordered a pint of old and a pint of mild beer at defendant's shop. The police took the man back to the shop, and when the beer was measured it was found to amount to two pints and a third of a pint. It should have measured only two pints.—*Bradford Telegraph and Argus*.

The police opposed the renewal of the licence of the Royal Hotel, Ascot, to Mrs. Sybil Godden, on the ground that she was "not a fit and proper person to hold the licence of such an important house in such an important district". Constable East said at 1 a.m. on December 30 he noticed lights in one of the hotel rooms. As the blinds were not drawn he saw a man kissing a woman. The man put his arms round her and she

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put her arms round his neck. The height of the window was such that he could not see below the woman's waist.

Mr. Valetta (for Mrs. Godden) : "What were they dressed in ?"—"The gentleman was in evening dress and the lady in a brown dress."—*Evening Standard*

... The governors of Exeter Royal Albert Memorial Museum ... refused by eight votes to six to permit the Sunday opening of an exhibition of early Devon painters. ... Mr. C. J. Ross, Sheriff of Exeter, said that the age of mechanical advance brought the spirit of excitement. People must be given something to interest them openly or they might do disgraceful things less openly.—*Manchester Guardian*.

"Mr. Lansbury ought to be told about this," I said to the host. "So he ought," he replied, "but he cannot help himself. When we made the application for the licence the publicans objected ; so the justices told us we could sell beer under a roof and on a concrete floor, but not out in the fresh air and sunlight."—*Daily Express*.

Ronald Walter Harvey, a market gardener, of Tempsford, Bedfordshire, was charged at Leicester Police Court to-day, under an Act of 1868, with selling garden produce direct to a shopkeeper.—*Edinburgh Evening News*.

OUR ELDERS AND BETTERS
LOCAL GOVERNMENT, PARLIAMENT, AND
THE BENCH

OUR ELDERS AND BETTERS

Mr. C—— thanked the deputation and assured them that the District Council would do everything possible for the interests of Bacton as a seaside resort. Would Bacton be prepared to meet the cost of a public lavatory ?

Mr. S—— replied that he could not speak for the Parish Council, but was sure that they would consider that.—*Eastern Daily Press.*

Interposed the Sheriff: "All good golfers don't smoke a cigar whilst playing", and the Lady Mayoress thereupon tenderly removed it. Next the Lord Mayor took a trial swing and narrowly missed hitting Ald. W. Green a blow that would have deposited him on the fairway. "'Ere, hold on a minute!" exclaimed the alderman, and made a hurried dash to comparative safety behind the net. Altogether it was a very happy gathering.—*Nottingham Evening News.*

Councillor George Parbury (to Councillor Swain): "Go on, you will put the lid on it. I know you will say something daft". Councillor Swain: "If I say anything daft it will be because I have had plenty of instruction in this council".—City Council meeting reported in *Leicester Mercury.*

The action of the Mayor and Mayoress of Blackburn (Alderman and Mrs. W. Kenyon) in ordering the covering with sheeting of two statues which had been transferred from the Art Gallery to the Town Hall for the purpose of decorating the steps leading to the Mayor's Parlour is likely to raise comment at the next Council meeting. It is understood that the Mayor, while admitting that the statues are beautiful works of art, said that they were out of place, and that his views were shared by the Mayoress.—*Yorkshire Post.*

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Miss Cocks called attention to a defect in the pump at Budock Water. It seemed as if it was worn out. If something was not done they might get a serious accident in the case of elderly people, for sometimes the handle went down with a jerk and the person endeavouring to obtain water fell over it.—The Sanitary Inspector stated that the pump had been in existence nearly sixty years. It was practically worn out, but was repaired about six months ago in the hope that it would last for some time.—The Chairman expressed the opinion that the pump had not been in existence for more than forty years.—The matter was referred to the representatives for the parish, with powers to act.—*Lake's Falmouth Packet, Cornwall Advertiser, and Visitors' List.*

To put it mildly, the cat had got amongst the pigeons, and that had caused more than a mere fluttering in the municipal dovecots. The County Clerk had thrown down the gauntlet, and the first to take up the challenge were the representatives of Irvine (appl.). By them was sent out the fiery cross calling the other burghs to battle ; by them the first step was taken in the fight.—*Irvine Herald.*

A proposal to construct a bathing pool at Rothesay was condemned by Bailie Cunningham at a meeting of the Town Council yesterday. He declared that 79 per cent. of the people who undressed spent most of the time loafing round the edge, and that half of the people who paid for admission as spectators did not go to see the swimming, but to admire and criticise the anatomy of the women bathers.—*Daily Telegraph.*

By 22 votes to 12 Ealing Town Council last night rejected a proposal to permit Sunday morning swimming in the local baths. Several members said that Sunday swimming was the "thin end of the wedge of Sunday recreation".—*Morning Post.*

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Alderman J. Murdoch : It is most desirable that a woman teacher who is marrying, and so likely to have a family, should resign. It is not respectable to see a woman in that state in a school. When a woman marries, her husband ought to be able to keep her ; and if he can't, he should not marry her.—Herefordshire Education Committee debate reported in *Education*.

Councillor Tombs said . . . they believed the individual grocer was the backbone of the nation and gave real and lasting service.—*Oxford Times*.

Councillor Edward Curran, opposing the proposal [of a birth control clinic at Cardiff] as a man who had married young and was now the father of eight children, said that if the Corporation gave birth control their official blessing it would be a message to the people to take the line of least resistance. It would encourage people to neglect their responsibilities, and would take us back to the days of paganism.—*Daily Telegraph*.

Aldershot Town Council decided to-day to spend £2,000 on providing a stand and dressing-room accommodation for the Aldershot Town Football Club. . . . Councillor W. Davis said that if they did not provide the needed accommodation the name of Aldershot would stink in the nostrils of every true sportsman.—*Star*.

When a deputation arrived and they were not allowed in, a fight ensued, but after the meeting it was found that the wrong deputation had been repulsed. The delegates who were refused a hearing were from residents of a housing estate, whereas the committee had decided not to receive representatives of the Bristol branch of the National Unemployed Workers' Movement.—*The Times*.

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The Education Committee was defended by its chairman (Alderman F. Lee) and the Mayor, who is chairman of the Primary and Post-Primary Sub-Committee, before which Miss Aylward appeared to state her case. They took the line that a breach of discipline could not for a moment be tolerated. There was more behind it, said Alderman Lee, than religious conviction. Miss Aylward had been defiant towards the Primary and Post-Primary Sub-Committee, and during her student days "had been in contact with Indians".—*Manchester Guardian*.

Councillor Thornton handed in the following notice of motion, which will be considered at the next meeting of the Water and Baths Committee: "That the Council prohibit the use of the two high springboards at Pickie bathing-place on Sundays".—*Co. Down Spectator*.

Dr. —, who is the president of the Welwyn Garden City Health Association, is the senior medical officer of the Board of Education, and was vice-chairman of the mental deficiency committee which sat for four years and produced the report which led to the appointment of the new committee.—*Welwyn Times*.

Applications are invited for the post of Librarian of the Municipal Library. Salary offered, 35s. per week.—*Cambrian News*.

The Rev. W. Clarke, Vicar of Ridge, Herts, chairman of the council, said that he would be sorry to have a recreation ground open in his parish when the church bells were calling people to worship. If churchwardens did their duty everybody could be compelled under an Act of Parliament of James I. to attend morning service.—*Evening Standard*.

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Councillor Griffin said the book (an outline for boys and girls and their parents) attacked married life, advocated birth control, and went so far as to say that the sexes would ultimately be bred as racehorses were bred. If he had read the book when he was eighteen years of age, he would not be a married man to-day.—*Liverpool Post and Mercury*.

"I am an independent woman. I give up all my time to charity. I belong to many committees and associations, and do all I can to help poor people and ex-service men. Of course, I do not know whether the man in question is a member of any national unemployment movement. Any man belonging to a national unemployment movement would, of course, damn himself in my eyes. I cannot understand what all the fuss is about. I do my best for everybody, and only last Thursday I was working all day."—The Chairman, West Middlesex Public Assistance Committee, reported in *Sunday Express*.

At to-morrow's meeting of Ealing Council a petition will be presented in favour of the Sunday use of the children's chutes and other amusement apparatus in the public parks. The Churches have objected to such use of the parks on Sundays. Among the critics was Mr. E. H. Brooks, a Methodist preacher and council member who declared that Church people, by opposing these games could "Win such a victory as will make the Devil and the gates of hell shake".—*Evening Standard*.

Triplets—two girls and a boy—were born during the week-end to the wife of Mr. James B. Smith, of Billburngate, Durham, who is unemployed and already has eight children. The Mayor and Mayoress of Durham yesterday visited the Smiths' home and congratulated the parents.—*Daily Mirror*.

Councillor A. H. Abbott, chairman of the Beach Committee, said that a reply was sent to the effect that the council's

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regulations did not permit sun bathing or sea bathing except in regulation costume, but "it has been the policy of the committee not to attempt to define exactly what the regulation costume is. We leave it to the good sense of the bathers".—Bournemouth Council meeting reported in *The Times*.

^A A resolution asking the Government to investigate the desirability of sterilising the mentally unfit was adopted by Reading Town Council. Councillor Gordon Palmer, objecting, said that both Isaac Newton and Lord Nelson were dull boys at school.—*Evening Standard*.

Councillor J. Brookes: "I don't know where we will end if we have greater liberties in Rhyl".—*Manchester Guardian*.

"Those millions of pounds", the Prime Minister continued, "have been flung into this pool on the pretext that it will help the hospitals, but it is all simply pandering to the gambling spirit."

"It makes one almost despair", went on Mr. MacDonald. "It makes one feel that civilisation must be crumbling."

"Is the Government contemplating doing anything in the matter?" I asked.

"We are always considering it", answered the Prime Minister; "but the difficulty is where to begin."—From an interview.

Mr. Oliver Stanley moved to disagree with the Lords' amendment relating to the whipping of a male child with not more than six strokes of a birch rod by a constable. He said the amendment would restore the provision for the whipping of boys under fourteen, which the House took out. Sir W. Davison (Kensington, S., U.) said he could not understand

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how the National Government could reject such a sensible amendment as that of the House of Lords.—Parliamentary report in *The Times*.

The advocacy of the rod was considerably strengthened when Lord Exmouth said that when he was in charge of a reformatory school he found that the boys hated their prayers much more than they hated their whippings. The Earl of Lucan resisted the amendment on behalf of the Government, but it was carried by 65 votes to 22.—*Daily Mail*.

Sir P. Harris moved, and Mr. Janner seconded, an amendment to the effect that every house to which the Bill applied should be provided with a fixed bath. After considerable debate Sir E. Hilton Young said that the Government would accept the amendment. It must, however, be subject to the discretion of the Minister to remit the requirement in a proper case. An amendment to the amendment, moved by Mr. Greenwood, to ensure that the bath should be "in a bathroom", was negatived by 263 votes to 39—majority 224.—Parliamentary report in *The Times*.

Mr. Glossop : To ask the President of the Board of Trade, if he is aware of the practice on some licensed premises by which, on being specifically asked for a half-pint of beer it is served in a glass which does not bear the Government stamp, and which in a large number of cases does not contain a full half-pint ; and what steps does he propose to take.—Question in House of Commons.

... There is practically no place into which an inspector might not poke his nose, and, without wishing to wash dirty linen in public, I wish to say I shall support this amendment

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not only on the ground of public decency but of public chastity.—Extract from debate in Commons on Wheat Bill, *Hansard*.

“Powerful speeches have been made”, he said, “for allowing poor slum dwellers to resort to cinemas on Sunday nights. It would be better to encourage them to go hiking in the fresh air and to keep away from the bad atmosphere and rotten conditions to be found in some cinemas on Sunday evenings. I am convinced that they should be forced, if that were possible, to take advantage of what nature provides in open-air recreation.”

“On Sundays like last Sunday, for instance”, put in Mr. Isaacs (Lab.—North Southwark), amid laughter.—Parliamentary debate reported in *Manchester Guardian*.

. . . Mr. Justice McCardie had referred to Judges with sociological knowledge. He (Lord Justice Scrutton) thought that the less sociological knowledge that was brought into the discussion of these legal questions the better.—Law report in *The Times*.

Mr. Du Cann, defending, asked the jury not to be prejudiced because the defendant was a poet.—*Daily Herald*.

For stealing one penny from a shop counter, John Foster, a native of Dublin, who had been in custody on remand for a week, was yesterday sentenced to seven days' hard labour by the Evesham magistrates. Foster, who recently arrived in this country from Ireland, left the dock in tears.—*Liverpool Post*.

The first chairman of Quarter Sessions, however, with whom I was ever closely associated was Mr. Christopher Smyth, of Northamptonshire. Having been called to the Bar, he

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thoroughly knew his job. Add to this that he was an excellent shot and a keen follower of the Pychley hounds, and I think it would be hard to find a better set of qualifications.—*Recollections of a Prison Governor*, by Lt.-Col. C. E. F. Rich.

Private William John Lewis Blight (24), of the Second Battalion the Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire Regiment, the batman who clicked his teeth at an officer, and who was charged with insubordination before a district court martial at Bordon last Friday, has been sentenced to fourteen days' detention.—*The Times*.

Sentence of 112 days' detention has been passed on Gunner H. W. McArthur, 1st Training Brigade, Royal Artillery, who was charged before a Woolwich district court martial with failing to appear on a parade and with disobeying a lawful command. It was alleged that McArthur told a sergeant that he was not going to do any more parades, and he refused to stand to attention when ordered as he could not see any sense in it.—*The Times*.

The inspector then asked on what ground the summonses were dismissed. Were they dismissed on a point of fact or on a point of law? Sir William Rice: "They are dismissed on the payment of costs." The Inspector: "I am asking if they are dismissed on a point of law." Sir William Rice: "You can ask, but we shall not answer."—*Evening News*.

Mrs. Breese [defendant] denied that she had used any indecent language. She did not say she knew P.C. Arthur's — pedigree. She only said to him in a friendly way she knew his father and his grandfather.—*Montgomeryshire County Times*.

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Mrs. Beatrice Ruff, aunt of the complainant, described the couple as "two boiled eggs".—*Berrow's Worcester Journal*.

The Judge agreed and made an order that the set of teeth should go to the defendant when the debt and costs were paid. In the meantime the teeth were ordered to remain in the custody of the Court. At the end of the case they were wrapped in paper and taken to the strong room.—*The Times*.

His Lordship said that he would deal with the case on the basis that, although in truth Mr. and Mrs. Gordon were not living together, in law they were.—*The Times Law Reports*.

You may take a dozen books and read them ; and then turn to the columns of the daily Press. In style, outlook, vision, precision and touch, the columns of the daily Press are equal to the finest literature that is produced.—Mr. Justice McCardie, reported in the *Sunday Times*.

The parading of an elephant around the Elephant and Castle for the purpose of advertising resulted in the appearance at Tower Bridge Court yesterday, before Mr. Oulton, of George Bruce Chapman, elephant and circus proprietor, of Tottenham Court Road, on a charge of causing an elephant to be led in a prohibited area. The police said that the animal, covered with a white cloth, on which was written "Trocadero, the largest cinema in the world", was being led along New Kent Road towards the Elephant and Castle. The magistrate said : "I cannot imagine a more dangerous place than the Elephant and Castle in which to parade an elephant. I hope this will be a warning to all menagerie owners."—*The Times*.

Mr. Arthur Greenwood, Minister of Health, gave evidence at the Central Criminal Court yesterday in a case in which

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John Menzies, 59, described as a valet, living at Rowton House, Camden Town, was sentenced to three years' penal servitude for ~~writing~~ sending a letter demanding £500 16s. 1½d. with menaces from Mrs. Arthur Greenwood. . . . "I think you are mad, and so does Dr. Grierson", remarked the Recorder, "and if you are, you will be sent to Broadmoor for the rest of your life or until you recover. We cannot allow this sort of thing. The lives of public men are not going to be rendered more difficult than they are by nuisances like you."—*The Times*.

General Lushington said to the *News-Chronicle* last night : "The reason for my action was because my brother magistrates and the clerk objected to the woman not wearing a hat. It is a matter of observing the common decencies in showing respect for God and the law".—*News-Chronicle*.

Mr. Luckworth : There can be no evidence unless you wear a hat. To the magistrate he said : "We had better take her evidence unsworn".—*News-Chronicle*.

He is the only judge who has declared on the bench "The answer is a lemon".—*Evening Standard*.

The Coroner, Mr. Ingleby Oddie, said that in view of Miss Scrivings's previous attempts on her life, her attitude towards the question of suicide, and her penniless condition, there was no doubt this was a case of a very unusual kind of a person drowning herself in an ordinary domestic bath.—*The Times*.

Mr. Moran, recording a verdict of "Suicide while of unsound mind", remarked to Mrs. Brown, "I do not often find wives who can help to cut their husbands down when they hang themselves. I think you behaved very well".—*Observer*.

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"As an example", she says, "to the girlhood of Britain", the lovely Miss Margaret Whigham has decided, in the interests of economy, to have her hair re-set only once a fortnight in future, and to stop wearing stockings in the evening.

On the other hand, to stimulate trade, she has just bought four new evening dresses.—*Daily Express*.

"Margaret has gone mad!" My friends really did not conceal their thoughts when I announced last autumn that I was going to Egypt. I mean they have always seen me round Bond Street, in and out of the Ritz, or at Ascot, and they considered the Embassy Club my spiritual home. It is in a way, for I love the gay life of the West End, Ascot, Cannes, and all the other fun that comes the way of the modern young woman.—Article by Margaret Whigham in *Daily Sketch*.

"Why a Russian Dance?" shouted an irate patriot, not without reason; but his continued protests were drowned by the band, which soon struck up the more familiar strains of "My Canary Has Circles Under His Eyes". Apart from all this, however, Commander Locker-Lampson is a genuinely earnest and hard-working Tory.—*Daily Express*.

Lord Milford Haven gave the same Christmas present to all his friends this year. A magnificent box of chocolates, specially made to his own recipe. The ingredients were salt, pepper, mustard, a pinch of cotton wool and a strong emetic.—*Tatler*.

Notice was given in last night's *London Gazette* that the Hon. Mary Grey (commonly called Lady Mary Grey), of Kensington Gardens Square, lately called the Hon. Mary Starr

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(commonly called Lady Mary Starr), has assumed the name of the Hon. Mary Grey (commonly called Lady Mary Grey), in substitution for her former names of the Hon. Mary Starr (commonly called Lady Mary Starr).—*Manchester Guardian*.

When the restaurant was most crowded a number of young people rushed in making excited demands for a live trout, some salt, a number of threepenny bits, and some eggs. Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg, with a worried expression on his face, then ran across the restaurant with a live trout in a glass dish filled with water. It was all part of that new game I described yesterday.—*Evening Standard*.

The party at which Prince George's pullover was envied was given by the Hon. Gerald Chichester, the second son of the late Lord Templemore. The sky-blue walls of Mr. Chichester's house in Bryanston Square made an effective background for his guests, among whom were many well-known people.—*Sunday Times*.

Sir Tom and Lady Cynthia Mosley proved that at their very successful party down at Wincanton. . . . It would be difficult to imagine any gathering more gifted with beauty and brains. Yet I fancy that the chief success of the evening was achieved by the simple process of throwing custard pies. Or, rather, *éclair*s. One fair lady caught one full in the eye. . . .—*Tatler*.

Lady Veronica wore toe-less black sandals, but had not, I noticed, adopted the fashion for toed stockings. Hers, however, were sufficiently transparent to afford those who cared to see them glimpses of nails enamelled red.—*Evening Standard*.

Unlike many society women, Lady Londonderry does not continually change the shade of her nails. She has kept them

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a vivid geranium red for more than eighteen months now.—*Newcastle Evening Chronicle*.

Massai, the favourite for the Lincoln, is also owned by a woman, Lady Ludlow. To win this race will possibly provide her with a thrill, though there cannot be many thrills left for one who has had such wide and varied experiences as she has.

She was the first woman to have her car painted an unusual colour and patented so that no one could copy it.—*Daily Mirror*.

There is at least one link between her and Lady Mendl—another remarkably vital and energetic woman. Both frequently stand on their heads—for the sake of health and for the entertainment of their friends. In addition, Mrs. Corrigan is a Christian Scientist.—*Daily Express*.

Those who deplore the frivolous lives of the younger members of society would be pleasantly surprised at the amount of eager hard work done by some of the junior committees of the Little Season balls. . . . Caviare was acclaimed as a necessity by all the débutantes, but many of them were willing to forgo the traditional ice in favour of a savoury such as grilled mushrooms.—*Daily Telegraph*.

Just to show that the youth and beauty of our time is not idle, lots of them first went to the Waterloo Ball and then motored down to Sunninghill after midnight. They were well rewarded by quantities of caviare.—*Tatler*.

Young married couple, own car, etc., propose to go away for a holiday in October ; they have no plans at present for the period between two shooting visits and would welcome suggestions of an amusing nature ; not abroad ; willing to

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pay to be amused.—Write Box —.—Advertisement in *The Times*.

High Adventure, Exploration, Romance.—Author, Traveller and Wife arranging small winter party, ladies and gentlemen (two bridge fours), five months' expedition. Complete circuit African Continent, and several months journeying in unexplored island (land of Sinbad, the Great Auk, the black orchid, and the man-eating tree; least known portion of world); shooting, research; profitable cinematography; thrilling adventure. First-class throughout, including wines, personal servants, tours, incidentals. London to London, 500 gns. Opportunity may never recur.—Write F.R.G.S. . . .—Advertisement in *The Times*.

When engaged on an adventurous expedition she prefers to travel attended only by such servants and guides as are necessary to the undertaking, but even in the heart of the jungle she insists on dressing for dinner, and her native servants are required to launder, as best they can, the tablecloths and napkins that form a part of her travel equipment.—*Evening Standard*.

Michael Arlen and the Prince Aga Khan were the only two Englishmen left on the Riviera, and now Michael has come home.—*Sunday Express*.

Among the people whom I pity most in this sort of weather are those who have just returned from a hot climate. Three such are young Mr. Willie Vanderbilt and Captain and Mrs. Cecil Pim, who have been staying in India with the Maharajah of Rajpipla.—*Daily Express*.

Lady Greer, the wife of Lord Justice Greer, economises in the use of butter, in the sense that she never leaves any on her

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plate. "In fact", said Lady Greer, "I always dislike seeing butter left on the plate, either on my own or those of other people."

Lady Honeywood goes to bed very early, thus reducing her electric light bill.—*Star*.

Lord Louis Mountbatten, who has all the "handiness" of the sailor, has contrived an ingenious little device which enables tired people to prevent their being called before they wish.

This takes the shape of a little disc with "Please call me at —", and a series of numbers to be rotated by a button until the right hour is found.

Mrs. Dudley Ward and her two daughters, Penelope and Angela, have these discs on the outside of their bedroom doors.—*Evening Standard*.

Here the programme, given by the Kitcher Quartet, consisted of Debussy, Schubert and Beethoven, with a foreword written, I was told, by Lady Wimborne, whose dress deserves to be described in detail.—*Evening Standard*.

It was she, by the way, who designed the amusing necklace of glass balls filled with gin which I mentioned on this page the other day; though the hat was Mr. Coke's.—*Daily Express*.

I know a very old man, an excellent judge of young womanhood, who correctly predicts who will be the most attractive débutante year after year. I discovered from him that he thinks Lady Cavan's daughter by her first marriage, Miss Daphne Mulholland, will be the most attractive débutante of 1933. She has beautiful eyes, and, what is more unusual these days, a very intelligent expression.—*Daily Sketch*.

The bridesmaids are really intended to be stained-glass versions of the virgins in the parable of the wise and foolish virgins.

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Instead of lamps, they will carry madonna lilies Miss Welby, who inherits her artistic ideas from her mother, Lady Welby, who is a well-known sculptor, planned her procession while staying with Mr Benjamin Guinness at his stud farm in Normandy —*Daily Telegraph*

We went into the "library without books"—Lady Cunliffe-Owen considered that books would be detrimental to the effect of the room —*Daily Express*

Mrs Wilfred Egerton showed great interest in Lord Woolavington's horse Parenthesis, who has in his stable a pet goat which travels wherever he goes She backed it, and won The same night her husband, Colonel Wilfred Egerton, was noted at the café in Bury Street, London, where they had a gala Colonel Egerton is famous for his enormously stiff white collars, which are four or five inches in depth His wife was eating wild strawberries in vodka —*Continental Daily Mail*

Lady Finlay said "It was most interesting" Lady Harrington said she would rather have missed her point-to-point meeting than her visit to the prison —*Sunday Express*

I don't think one single person invited to the Smiley-Beaton wedding either refused or failed to turn up Everyone expected something just as good as a Cochran first night And no one was disappointed —*Tatler*

Young "Society's" latest pastime is tandem cycling There is to be a tandem cycle race in the heart of London next week, in which the daughter of an earl and several other members of the British and American bright young people will take part The tandem riders will start from a cocktail club near Golden

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Square, W, next Monday evening, in their race down to Piccadilly Circus, down the Haymarket, round the Carlton Hotel, up Lower Regent Street, and back to Golden Square. Men who enter for the race must wear morning coats and bowler hats. Women will don hair nets and goggles. The prize is a magnum of champagne. "It's the fun of the thing", said Mr "Toby" Charlton, the husband of Lady June Charlton, who is the instigator of the race, to the *Star* to-day. Lady June is a daughter of the Earl of Carrick—*Star*

Little Belvoir is the home of Captain and Mrs J D Player, who had stipulated that the guests should appear dressed as children under fourteen. Rhymes on the walls, nursery pictures, and toys were used to make the ballroom represent a nursery. Among the guests were Lord Northland, Mrs Edward Greenall, Lord and Lady Brownlow, Lady Anne Bridgeman, Captain Henry Broughton and Mrs Broughton—*Manchester Guardian*

At this party somebody is to be paraded as "the Loveliest One". The young woman so chosen is to wear a mask representing the face of a beautiful but non-existent woman. Mrs. Philip Kindersley, by the way, is to disguise herself as a child of ten. I watched her rehearse, in socks and a short skirt. She certainly did resemble a child of that tender age—*Sunday Graphic*

"Suppose the flight is successful", I asked, "will Mr Store get equal credit with your daughter for the flight?"

"Oh, that depends on Peggy", Mrs Salaman returned. "She is in charge of everything. But you understand, don't you, that I wouldn't have let her go unless someone competent was flying in the same machine"—*Daily Express*

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JUMPING ON HIS STOMACH.—General Bruce is now well over 60. But he's as tough as they make them. . . . The other night at the club he lay down on the floor and allowed any member who wished to jump on him. Which they did without incommoding him one whit. General Bruce is looked upon with superstitious awe by the tribes who live in the Himalayan Wastes.—*Sunday Graphic*.

THE QUEEN BUYS AN ANTI-SNATCH HANDBAG.—Headline in *Evening Standard*.

FASHION

FASHION

She made a spectacular appearance in a green gown almost backless called "Passion Flower". Women applauded when they noticed that she had painted her eyebrows right across her face from ear to ear and over the bridge of her nose—*Daily Mail*

Those who find that their eyes look brighter and their complexion clearer for a slight touch of colour in the cheeks—and there are many who do—should choose a cream waterproof rouge, preferably one in an orange shade, for this change, when applied to the skin, to the exact tone that one's natural colour, if one had a colour, would be—*Newcastle Journal*.

Cambridge blue is the colour of the only eye-shadow that can suitably be worn with light tweeds—*Daily Telegraph*.

CHANGE YOUR FACE TO SUIT YOUR FROCK.—Headline in *Evening Standard*

Have you ever tried to alter your smile? Actresses do. They learn and practise a different smile with each new part. Just now a sulky brooding look is considered very attractive—the side-twisted Mona Lisa being "out". But whatever smile you adopt for the season must be influenced by your teeth. Practise smiles that show the teeth, and others which do not. Find out which suits you best—*Evening Standard*

Since the opening of the season women, stockingless and wearing their toe-nails painted to match their sandals and dresses, have been noticed on the floors of some of the leading public ballrooms. The vogue of the painted toe-nail has arrived at last. Scarlet nails really look quite aesthetic when worn with pale blue sandals and a light dress. The plain

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painted nails cost five shillings, and each coating needs renewing once a fortnight.—*Daily Express*.

Her dark hair was dusted with iridescent green powder, and her face was made up to look like old ivory, with slight purple stains under her eyes and a strong touch of puce lip stick ! It was a bizarre "colour-scheme", but a wonderfully effective one.—*Evening News*.

One would not think that drinking one's orangeade through a straw contributed towards lip beauty, but it does. It brings into play the delicate muscles round the corners of the mouth and in the cheeks, which, after babyhood, become slack. Therefore, a bundle of straws is also a good investment.—*The Lady*.

Play your tennis happily. If you take it too seriously, you are apt to acquire a strained look which, of course, does the skin no good.—*Bristol Observer*.

Do not let yourself develop a heavy tread or a lunging way of walking. A light step is one of those small, scarcely-realised attractions which help to build up a charming personality ; and to tread lightly is less tiring than to bring your feet down so heavily that the movement jars your spine. You will find, too, that your dancing improves as you learn to move lightly.—*The Lady*.

A very fine abdominal exercise for the office girl is obtained by the occasional pulling in of the muscles of the abdomen. This can be done without attracting attention almost anywhere, such as when waiting for the bus home. Contract the muscles of the abdomen and pull them in strongly but quietly.—*Daily Herald*.

FASHION

Harvey Nichols have an amusing and useful solution for simple dining-at-home dress—pinafore trousers of velvet, with satin blouses, the idea copied from the gas-fitter's dungarees. Or they are made in knobbly knitted material for lunch-time at 69s. 9d.—*Evening Standard*.

Commonplace materials are fashionable. One hat was made of ordinary packing straw, bleached. Another was of darning wool, and one was trimmed with a nail.—*Daily Telegraph*.

Sir John Rowland, J.P., president of the British Corset Manufacturers' Association, in response to our request, expresses his views on the outlook of the corset trade in the following terms: "Everywhere women are becoming converted to corsetry. Girls who have never before worn a corset are turning to dainty girdles, while the more mature figures are demanding the additional support given by a boned garment. Indeed, there is a definite trend towards boning."—*Drapery Times*.

The new hat is the result of a growing desire among men for a more independent-looking hat, which makes them look more youthful, according to a firm of London hatters. These smaller hats will have a special appeal to the young City man. They will keep their place in any wind; will not get out of shape; and can be worn at any angle without the slightest discomfort.—*Evening Standard*.

And while on this subject of figures, you will probably have noticed how the new dresses, particularly the new evening dresses, reveal any tendency to rotundity in the tummy. If you fear this effect in your own anatomy, you will perhaps like to know that there is a new device for overcoming it. The idea came from a doctor. You stuff a small pillow with pebbles,

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just a few wave-washed, weighty pebbles from the beach, until it weighs exactly five pounds Morning and evening you place this little object on the offending portion of your physique, and perform a little exercise, which consists of drawing in a deep breath and letting it out suddenly — *Vogue*

Hospitality has nothing to do with money Some of the best hosts I know invariably have their parties paid for by somebody else — *Country Life*

Every hostess likes to plan something new and original in the form of table decoration, but not one has, I think, equalled the achievement of Mrs —, whose guests at a recent luncheon party sat down to a table the centrepiece of which consisted of a pond in which were twenty live ducklings, small and fluffy and, apparently, not at all unhappy at being surrounded by strangers — *Evening Standard*

For the evening, long suede or kid gloves if you like It is a fashion to carry them and drop them about for someone to pick up — *Woman's Journal*

QUESTION AND ANSWER
IS THIS LOVE?—WORRIED

QUESTION AND ANSWER

It is really very difficult to explain how kissing is done. You press the upper teeth against the lower lip and make a sort of hissing sound—that is really all. I hope Trixie will try it and grow proficient very soon.—Answer to correspondent in *People's Friend*.

Thank you, Anne, but there is no meaning attached to a kiss on the forehead, excepting that it signifies respect and affection. It is a kiss with some depth in it—never a flippant one.—To Anne.

CURVES PREFERRED.—I do not want to damp your ardour, "Blue Eyes", but even in these enlightened days we have no means of developing chests quickly. You must bide your time, and persevere with deep breathing and oil massage after your bath. An "up-lift" brassière would make you look rounder, of course.—*Mab's Fashions*.

I am one hundred per cent. SHE/woman. I have a Venus-like form, classical features, clear, penetrating, merry eyes, a babylike complexion, and people rave about my curly black hair. Artists have wanted to paint me for my feet alone. Yet when in the company of men I am cold and reserved; there is a strange "something" that holds me back, though men make a fuss of me. How can I overcome this?—Anxious.—*Sunday Dispatch*.

I was introduced to a girl a few days ago. Now whenever I see her I go hot and cold. Is this love? I should like to know what love is.—John Freemantle, Leeds.—*Daily Sketch*.

MAISIE.—Make yourself speak to him again. Once conquer your self-consciousness, and your confusion and consequent

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annoyance will disappear. Don't think about it too much beforehand, and remember that to breathe slowly and deeply, deliberately, when you feel nervous, is a great aid to self-control.

—*Home Notes.*

I have been going about with a boy on whom I am not frightfully keen, but who is fully approved of by my parents. They are of rather a puritanical turn of mind, and in their eyes this boy is a model. He is a total abstainer, and is very religious. That is all right, of course. The trouble is that he is also a Scoutmaster. He is not of very substantial build, and when he wears Scoutmaster's uniform he is not particularly good to look at, unless one happens to be in the mood for a good laugh. You will quite undersand that, so far as I am concerned, it is no laughing matter. Is it reasonable of my parents to expect me to go out with a man who attracts public attention by wearing a Boy Scout's uniform? Do you think he would make a good husband?—Geraldine.—*Weekly Telegraph.*

"Our daughter of nineteen goes away for week-ends, declining to give us any information as to her whereabouts. She says she can look after herself. My husband believes she is to be trusted, but I am fearfully worried."

I would share your worry if I were this girl's mother. As she is already earning her living, she must be a capable, intelligent girl. Put it to her this way, that if there is nothing to hide there is everything to tell. Ask her if she thinks it is fair that, in order to satisfy what appears to be a childish desire to exercise her "rights", she should put you to so much anxiety. If she still refuses to give you the confidence you have a right to expect, rather than continue to suffer such anxiety, I think that it is your husband's duty to have her movements watched. This is an unpleasant suggestion and I urge it only after all other efforts to

QUESTION AND ANSWER

gain her confidence have failed.—“Tell Me Your Troubles” in *Sunday Graphic*.

“I do wish I could make my brother have some men friends. All his friends are women, and I think this is so sloppy. What can I do?”

You can do nothing. I don't know your brother, but judging from what you have told me of his age and occupation, I should say that he is the type of man whose nature demands that he be flattered and fussed over. . . .—*Sunday Graphic*.

ALWAYS BROKEN-HEARTED.—“Something seemed to tell me that he didn't really care for me, and I challenged him about it. He didn't deny it, so we parted. I am eighteen, and my heart is broken for ever. Please tell me he will come back to me.”

I can't tell you that he will come back to you, the future being hidden from all of us, but I can tell you this—your feeling of despair will pass away. That is a certainty. A girl of your age never remains a victim to unreturned love.—*Miss Modern*.

LILIAN.—“I must be very queer. I can talk quite fluently with married men, but with single ones I am dumb. Yet I am more anxious to be nice to the single ones than to the married.”

You are too anxious, Lilian, and that is the cause of your trouble. Because you don't care whether you charm the married men or not you are natural and, therefore, at your best, but you get flustered with your desire to make one of the single men fall in love with you, and the result is you don't know what to say.—“What Shall I Do” column in *Miss Modern*.

PERPLEXED EIGHTEEN.—“Why is Nature so terrible and ugly? All my dreams of love are vanishing.”

Nature is not terrible and ugly, but it appears to be so when you observe it without understanding. You needn't be afraid of your thoughts. Nearly all young girls have them some time or

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other. You may think crocodiles are ugly, yet God took the trouble to create them or let them evolve. So there must be something in them that you can't see. These facts, which at present seem to you horrible, are horrible only from your point of view, but your point of view will change as your understanding increases. Don't worry.—*Miss Modern.*

MUDDLED FEELINGS.—If you and the first boy really care for each other and hope to marry some day, it would be kinder to break off your friendship with the second boy at once. If you give up both, you will only hurt both! The August girl's lucky day is Sunday, her flower the poppy, her number thirty-four and her stone the moonstone.—*Home Notes.*

J. S. (OXHEY).—Greta Garbo is 5 ft. 6 in. in height. Certainly Laura La Plante is not dead.—*Film Pictorial.*

We would feel obliged for your opinion on the following: When a daily maid enters the house or a room where the mistress is, who should say "Good morning" first?—C.M.G.

Courteous conduct calls for anyone who enters another person's home to speak the first greeting, just as you would if you entered your maid's home.—*Nan Gloster.—Sunday Dispatch.*

LITTLE DIFFICULTIES.—*When should a lady pay?*

Answer.—When a lady is the guest of a man he pays the taxi fare, though in the case of an elderly woman and a young man whom she knows well, and if she also knows that he is not well off, it would be quite in order for her to say, "You have given me such a lovely party you must let me do my share and pay the taxis". If, however, a lady meets a man by chance and they both enter an omnibus or train together, she should pay her own fare. As a general rule, a man who asks a lady to go out with him expects to pay all expenses.—*D.—Lady.*

QUESTION AND ANSWER

THE ETIQUETTE OF EATING GRAPES.—*I should be glad to know the procedure one follows in eating grapes at dinner.*—P. R. T.

When eating grapes, the half-closed hand should be placed to the mouth and the stones and skins allowed to fall into the fingers, and placed on the side of the plate.—*The Queen*.

Question.—*May a child be called "Hazel" in baptism?*—"Anxious", Cork.

Answer.—We fail to see why you should call the child after a nut when there are so many Saints' names available.—From Our Question Box, *The Cross*, 1932.

HYPNOTISING BABY TO SLEEP.—Place the hand over baby's tummy and gently press with rhythmic movements, at the same time crooning a lullaby.—*Ripon Gazette and Times*.

PADDY.—Vexation is shown in your cards and that you will go to a large building and will sleep in a strange bed. You will have some pleasure and a gift.—*Girl's Mirror*.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Looking through my drawing-room window the other evening I saw twin girls whose ages would be perhaps five years. They were dressed exactly alike, and not the least interesting part of their harmonious garments was the white berets that covered each curly head, and the umbrella that each carried under the right arm.

Can you imagine a prettier sight ? I have thought of a kitten playing with a ball of wool, a litter of puppies lapping milk, the frolicsome lamb in the meadows, a cricket match on a sun-bathed field, the swerve of a wing three-quarter, the golf club swing of Vardon, the graceful poise and movement of a dancer, a man in full evening dress, and many other really lovely incidents in life.

But the sight of those twins will take some beating.—A Father.—Letter in *Leicester Mail*.

I have been reminded by the letters of your correspondents of the following occurrence, which may be of interest. At 8 a.m. on the morning of the late General Election I noticed from my bedroom window a magnificent rainbow. The glass was high, and there had been no rain, either during the previous night or before the appearance. I felt at once a sense of hope and great encouragement.—Lady Holland, 19 St. James's Square, S.W.—*The Times*.

Think, too, of our unemployed, how much happier they would be if they had learnt to read and sing the old English madrigals! —Yours faithfully, E. Lyttelton.—From Letter in *The Times*.

I asked my wife : " What are women thinking most about at the present time ? " She said, after a little while : " Marriage

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and babies, and new clothes, and how to make ends meet". Is this typical of most women? I strongly suspect that it is. I know very few women who think at all seriously of life's more important issues.—Alfred R. Carter, Lexham Gardens, W.—*Daily Express*.

If I went home one evening and explained to my wife that funds would not run to a new hat, there would be slight rumblings, but, sir, if I told her we could not afford our subscriptions to the Primrose League, there would be an earthquake. Anybody who subscribes to a society that has for its motto, "For God, For King, and For Country" is helping to keep the good old Union Jack proudly flying, and that, sir, is worth some sacrifice.—Michael Samuels, Ruling Councillor Hamilton Habitation (North Kensington).—From letter in *Primrose League Gazette*.

I agree with Mr. Reginald Pound. Our horrible English reserve is selfishness. But the ice can be thawed. I frequent many hotels and hydros, and I always have one objective in view—to make every one a little happier and a little better for my being there.

I have been nicknamed "the smiler" and "little leaven". Why do not others "please copy"?—W. K. L., Bournemouth.—Letter in *Daily Express*.

Of a memorable incident in the Napoleonic wars it was written :

My Lord of Chatham with his sword drawn
Stood waiting for Sir Richard Strachan ;
Sir Richard, longing to be at 'em,
Stood waiting for the Earl of Chatham.

Is there not a risk that a similar position may arise in the pig industry?—Letter in *The Times*.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

What constitutes "a well-read man"? My father did not learn to read until he was thirty-five. During the last ten years his library has been mainly the *Sunday Express*. Yet he can hold his own with others who devour books and periodicals galore. The *Sunday Express* is not only a newspaper, but a library—a liberal education for rich and poor alike.—R. James, Nottingham.—Letter in *Sunday Express*.

I have frequently encountered the phrase "well-read". What exactly does it mean? Does it necessitate a University education? If not, what books should one read to become "well-read"?—Inquisitive, N. 1.—*Daily Sketch*.

SIR,—My son is now working for the 1932 School Certificate examination, and for English certain books have been selected by the examiners, one of which is Chaucer. The following is a sample extract at random :

But sore weep she if oon of hem were deed,
Or if men smoot it with a yerde smerte :
And al was conscience and tendre herte.

The students are expected to be able to state what this type of nonsense means. In my opinion it is a pure waste of time, and it is a pity that those in authority cannot think of something more useful.—Disgusted Parent, London.—Letter in the *Daily Mail*.

SIR,—Some friends of mine introduced me to a most attractive girl a few weeks ago. Although we hardly exchanged more than a dozen words then, I have often passed her in the street since, and whenever I do I go red in the face and feel embarrassed and awkward. I wonder if any of your readers can tell me if this is love at first sight, and if so, what would they

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advise me to do about it?—Yours, etc., "Twenty-One".—
Letter in Portsmouth Evening News.

The question, *What is Love?* was asked me yesterday. I was unable to answer it. Will your readers help?—(Miss) W. H. Page, Jubilee Place, S.W. 3.—*Letter in Daily Express.*

I do not mean to infer that the housebreakers should be called in, I want it [St. Paul's] pulled down neatly, and in a manner that will ensure that most of the material can be used not only for re-building, brick by brick, but by adding to its old character something of magnificence. I would not suggest anything of this kind with regard to Westminster Abbey. That, to my mind, is quite a different work of art. But I have not been able to find any special art as regards St. Paul's.—From a letter in *Daily Telegraph*.

As a long-distance cyclist with some experience of road and path (I was second in the 12 hours' Anchor Shield race of 1895 and first in the same race in 1896), will you permit me to endorse and support every statement made by Professor Percy Gardner? Were the speed of every vehicle on the road to be the same as that of the pedestrian the present appalling number of fatalities and casualties would not be possible. Speed, therefore, is the main factor.—From Letter in *The Times*.

HORSE SENSE.—Having dealt with a large number of horses, I do not think it is intelligence that made the horse stop at the sign "Dead Slow". Several light horses that I have driven have shied at white marks of any kind on the road.—W. R. Denny, Enfield.—*Letter in News-Chronicle.*

One seldom hesitates to stand a drink to a friend. Why, then, should one mind in these days paying the price of one extra

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drink "pro patria" ? The price of the drink would depend on one's purse and one's patriotism.

It would very soon become a popular slogan to "Have one for England", but the wish should be entirely spontaneous, and no pressure should be brought to bear upon those to whom the idea did not appeal.—Victor A. G. Eliot, Hagley Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.—*Daily Express*.

Last October you gave prominence to a letter of mine in which, advocating economy as the first and foremost necessity for the healing of the nation, I ventured to quote a saying of Cicero, *Magnum vectigal est parsimonia*. To-day allow me to quote Sophocles.—Letter in *The Times*.

BRITANNIA Rules THE WAVES.—Whether your correspondent, F. H. J. Newton, of Rickmansworth, be right or wrong regarding the correct wording of "Rule, Britannia !" I shall always make a point of singing at the top of my voice, "Britannia rules the waves" ; we have a navy second to none.—J. W. Reid, Wood Green.—*Radio Times*.

What assurance can one have that, however carefully one keeps Russian butter away from one's own table, one's nearest and dearest may not die of eating it unwittingly at a restaurant ? It is a gross betrayal of trust on the part of the Government not to protect us from this dangerous stuff by keeping it out of the country.—Yours faithfully, Emilie Dow.—Letter in *Tablet*.

SIR,—I am quite certain that the psychological effect upon the workers of the dismal hooters is extraordinarily bad.

I would suggest in all seriousness that these hooters be replaced by instruments playing a few bars of some lively music, such as "Pack up your troubles" or "The animals marched in two by two".—C. V. Hawkins.—Letter in *Morning Post*.

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Is there a woman who would walk the streets all night looking for her husband? I read that one did that searching for a lost dog. There can be a place in every home for a dog, but it should not be the husband's place.—W. D., London, N.—*Daily Herald*.

For 61 years I have worn the night-shirt. Recently I decided to try pyjamas, but took the precaution to place my old friend within reach in case of failure. In one hour I was back in the night-shirt. We old-fashioned folk have difficulty in finding shops selling this trusty old-timed garment.—W. W. How, Ilford, Essex.—*News-Chronicle*.

With all due deference to Dr. Barnes, I and many others prefer to believe that we were created in the image of God and are not descended from repulsive apes. And to teach little children this is a crying shame.—Mother of Two.—Letter in *Daily Mirror*.

EARRINGS FOR MEN.—My husband had his ears pierced last year, and since then his health has improved, and he looks much younger. Although he wears his earrings at home he dare not do so in the street. Many of my friends hope that some day earrings will be worn generally instead of glasses by both women and men. Surely they are far less unsightly than glasses.—Pierced Ears, West Wickham.—*Daily Telegraph*.

SIR,—I have often wondered what effect a film star's divorces have on the public. A little while ago Constance Talmadge used to be my favourite. I saw nearly all her films until she obtained her first divorce. I then found I did not want to see many of her pictures. Later she obtained another divorce; then I found I had no inclination whatever to see her films.—Letter in the *Film Weekly*.

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"So horizontal kisses are to be banned. Imagine Garbo, Bennett or Shearer in any but that divine posture. Why omit the obvious climax to any decent film."—(Miss) Beatrice McFarlane, 54 Selbourne Street, South Shields, Durham.—*Picturegoer Weekly*.

One can look quite pretty playing croquet! I know no other active game of which this can be said.—A Graceful Player, Richmond.—*Daily Mirror*.

Mater, W. 11, is quite right—education does not make class.—X. Y. Z., Dumfries.—Letter in *Daily Sketch*.

I want to thank you all for "Catastrophe". It was the realest radio play ever broadcast. My sister and I, who, owing to a family quarrel, had not spoken to each other for three years, made up our quarrel in expectation of Eternity.—(Miss) R. Wilson, Hampstead.—*Radio Times*.

So we pass it on, with thanks for the tip. "I have read in the *Keystone Magazine* many tips from readers as to uses for Burgundy and ways to drink it, and I should like to pass on my tip. With my glass of *Keystone Burgundy* I like to eat one or two sections from a slab of *milk chocolate* as it seems to me to enrich the taste of the wine. For people who object to the sharp tang it would soften it and also add nourishment when recovering from illness."—Mrs. B——, Trowbridge.—*Keystone Magazine*.

The late Lord Brentford may possibly have attributed his ability as a public speaker to his initiation at the Highbury Literary and Debating Society. The writer recalls to his memory Mr. Hicks's request to take part as an illustrator of the former's paper on Shakespeare by reciting the famous address of Henry V. to his troops before Harfleur, which was readily

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granted. This was in the 'eighties, but there may be others still living who may remember the above occasion.—Mr. Gerard Paxon, Newlands, Oak Hill, Surbiton.—Letter in *The Times*.

In the census forms which we had to fill up the example "D" to indicate that a person was divorced was quoted as being a reporter. This, I contend, was grossly unfair to journalists, who are as happily married as any other section of the community.—A. Goodhead.—*Newspaper World*.

I observe that in the form of prayer for use on January 3 we are to ask forgiveness "because we have indulged in national arrogance, finding satisfaction in our power over others rather than in our ability to serve them". May I point out that this is a severe censure on all public servants in India, the Crown Colonies, and the Mandated Territories? What grounds are there for stating that this large body of public servants have grossly failed in their duty?—Lady Stephen.—Letter in *The Times*.

Surely this beats the record for no-meat girls. I am sixteen years of age and have never eaten meat, fish, eggs, or vegetables. . . . I am never ill, and have passed several athletic and gymnastic examinations. My Christmas dinner is a box of cream cakes.—E. C., Wimbledon, S.W. 19.—Letter in *Sunday Express*.

SIR,—I heartily agree with "Retired Colonel". Every day in Kensington Gardens I notice the steady deterioration in manners of the rising generation, and their utter lack of consideration for either the beauties of Nature surrounding them or their fellow creatures.—Yours, etc., Better Days, Kensington, W. 8, September 9.—Letter in *Daily Telegraph*.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

I experience "that thrilling sensation" whenever I hear Handel's *Largo*.—(Mrs.) W. R. Lockyer, Burton Bradstock, Dorset.—Letter in *Daily Express*.

As an enthusiastic fretworker for many years I greatly resent Mr. Louis Golding's quite unprovoked gibes and slighting references in *Magnolia Street* to a serious art that has many devotees throughout the country.—W. Reeves, Oakhurst Grove, S.E. 22.—Letter in *Daily Express*.

THANK GOD THAT I'M AN
ENGLISHMAN

THANK GOD! THANK GOD! THANK GOD!"

THANK GOD THAT I'M AN ENGLISHMAN

I write to protest against the wearing of black trilby hats as recommended by your special men's fashion correspondent. Why must we descend to ape the Continent? What is wrong with the English bowler?—Letter in *Daily Express*.

In my humble opinion, organised opposition or defence of Sunday cinemas will be doing far more valuable and lasting work if it is directed towards seeing that the films shown are decent and clean—in one word, English.—Letter in *Morning Post*.

Aerial travel will not be particularly safe during the next few days. Crashes occur. This, like many similar warnings which appear in this column, need not deter travellers who are proposing to fly by a British air line. The efficiency of the British companies cuts down risk to a minimum. Moreover they are astrologically "lucky".—Astrological article in the *Sunday Express*.

A funicular train running between Monte Carlo and La Turbie was derailed this morning and fell down a distance of 1,000 yards. The driver and fireman were killed, and various passengers were injured in jumping from the coaches. The only passengers were workmen, and no British were involved.—*The Times*.

SIR,—

English slang is :

1. Born of inspiration.

American slang is :

1. Laboriously and consciously invented.

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- | | |
|------------------------|------------------------|
| 2. A soulful organism. | 2. A soulless machine. |
| 3. Human. | 3. Mechanical. |
| 4. Can beget its kind. | 4. Sterile. |

George Noel-Armfield, Rock Road, Cambridge.—
Letter in Daily Mail.

Meanwhile the B.B.C. import alien and ex-enemy conductors. Strange.—*Evening Standard.*

Sir Landon Ronald, Principal of the Guildhall School of Music, speaking at the prize-giving last night, said that we should not encourage the dumping of a lot of foreign musicians in this country when we had every bit as fine artists. Sir Landon Ronald's special prize for the student whom he considered most likely to distinguish himself or herself in the musical profession was awarded to Mr. Max Jaffe, a young violinist.—*The Times.*

Would it be too much to ask the B.B.C. to employ English singers who also sing in English? To have to listen—as we did once again on Saturday—to groups of songs in a foreign language is most uninteresting and disappointing.—Britain First, N. 10.—*Daily Telegraph.*

Has the *Daily Express* nothing better to do than eulogise the "beauty" of German women, while their men are breaking our banks and markets and "dumping" our men on the dole?

No wonder our country is in trouble when its leading newspaper plumps for the enemy.—W. H. Simpson, High Street, Bloomsbury, W.C.—*Letter in Daily Express.*

"Shooting Baby Rooks is Un-British Butchery.
Be British—Not Brutal."

(From an R.S.P.C.A. poster.)

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He asked people not to panic and to behave like an English crowd. This they did, for when the band played the National Anthem all stood still and men bared their heads.—*The Times*.

ENGLISH DANCER'S TRIUMPH.—Molly Bell, by performing forty-seven high kicks in thirty seconds, set up a new world's record. She is, naturally, the pride of the sixteen Palladium Girls.—*Daily Express*.

It is my earnest prayer that there will be many letters written in the vein of the one published yesterday from Canon Murray. It is necessary now, more than ever before, to have the courage to confess, as quoted of Bishop Creighton, "I am an Englishman first, and a Churchman afterwards".—Mr. J. G. Annandale, 6 York House, York Street, W. 1.—Letter in *The Times*.

Not a few customers have told us that they ran out of bacon and had to buy some at So-and-So's, and found it no cheaper than ours, and some say they bought it at 2d. per lb. cheaper, and so on—but, when it went to the table, NO ONE WOULD EAT IT. Even the school children have been known to say, "THIS IS NOT M. and W.'s MUMMY"—father having by this time found this out on his way to breakfast, when his nose caught the *Foreign* smell floating in the air.—From Scottish provision merchant's list.

CRESTA POSITION.—Colonel Moore-Brabazon contends that unless certain support is forthcoming the Cresta Run at St. Moritz will fall into the hand of foreigners. For this reason he and the club president, Mr. Frank Curzon, the late Lord Curzon's brother, have decided to go out to St. Moritz and carry on as usual.—*Sunday Graphic*.

For at least two centuries we have set the world's standard not only in sport but in things that matter, from personal cleanliness

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downwards. We, the least military nation in Europe, have had our field uniform copied by all countries and the cut of our riding-breeches and boots is the abiding marvel of the age. The list is endless.—*Sunday Pictorial*.

I am no authority on European politics. I cannot speak their languages. I don't want to. I don't know their politicians. I don't like them. I don't want alliances with European States.—Lord Beaverbrook in *Sunday Express*.

The American had no historical sense ; he did not see the world from the Englishman's point of view.—Mr. E. Davies, at a meeting of the Council of the Association of Assistant Masters in Secondary Schools, as reported in *The Times*.

As to the recent small war between the Chinese and Japanese, he said that it had not done any harm to Shanghai. "It wiped out the Chinese quarter of Shanghai", he said, "but it did no injury to the English quarter."—*The Efficiency Magazine*.

... Piles of steel trunks, bedsteads, and birdcages litter the streets. . . . The only people to be seen in the deserted streets are a few creeping round the débris—some of them bent on pillage, others rather pathetically poking the ashes in a last remaining hope of recovering their own property. Trains out of Bombay are crowded with refugees, mainly Hindus. . . . All this suggests a depressing and even dangerous picture, but for the sake of those at home who are worrying about friends or relations in Bombay, it is necessary to say again that up till the moment of writing there has not been a single instance of molestation of a British civilian. Lawn tennis and other games are in full swing at the Gymkhana Club, there was a dance at a leading hotel last night, and the amenities of club life have not suffered in the slightest. . . .—*The Times*.

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The tourist market for dirt is dead, because Continental travel has been wiped out by the fall in sterling.—James Douglas in the *Sunday Express*.

The same with the stations themselves. Where on the Continent, it was asked, will you find a better average of tea and refreshment facilities, better accommodation for women and children, fruit and confectionery stalls to vie with ours, or book-stalls equipped with a wider array of popular reading? The verdict was "Britain every time".—*Daily Telegraph*.

There is not much to be said for conferences. They are un-British. They reek of accommodations, compromises, internationalism, and anything but the sturdy power of taking our own line and making our own decisions as shall seem best to us.—*National Graphic*.

In the garden was a stall of books on Russia, a large number of which were of a political nature. At other stalls Russian sweets and toys were on sale. Whether the butter used at tea-time was also of Soviet origin was a point which aroused much speculation; but the general opinion was that from its taste it must have been British.—*Morning Post*.

Finally, there are the GERMAN POEMS. We may, perhaps, regret that with so much English verse still knocking at the door it should have been opened to the stranger.—Review in *The Observer*.

In response to the almost unanimous request of our readers, we are Buying British humour. There will be no more foreign jokes in *Passing Show*.—*Passing Show*.

"I feel that my part is a humble one. It is Britain that counts, not the individual pilot."—Mr. Kaye Don, reported in the *Evening Standard*.

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I was opposed to our return to the gold standard as being premature, but now that we have been pushed off it traditional British grit and our position as the centre of the Empire demand that we regain it.—Letter in *The Times*.

Live, energetic man required for London commercial house ; age 21 ; business experience an advantage but not vital ; a University man of Oxford, Cambridge, or London would be considered provided he obtains guarantees from his parents that he is a loyal, British and patriotic citizen and has had no Communistic or Socialistic leanings during his university life ; excellent prospects.—Write Box —.—Advertisement in *The Times*.

Your New Year Resolution.—Take your children to the patriotic English fairy play "Where the Rainbow Ends".—Poster for the Holborn Empire.

In connexion with the suggestion to introduce "beer gardens" in the London parks I hope that some corporate action will be taken to prevent this. Although in complete agreement with the majority of those who wish to see the best possible use made of the parks, both as recreation grounds and gardens, let us at least be English, and not introduce a Continental habit, which would affect very adversely the amenities of the parks not only in London, but throughout the country.—Mr. Robert W. Watson, 12 Onslow Square, S.W. 7.—Letter in *The Times*.

The division of the day into two periods was not only in consonance with the wishes of the people, but was a recognition of a profound biological truth, that one period of the 24 hours should be given to activity and the other to repose, and it was the common sense of the British people as against the lack of

THANK GOD I'M AN ENGLISHMAN

common sense on the part of the people of other countries that made them continue to observe those divisions of the day. He hoped that for a long time the British people would retain their stubborn common sense as opposed to the freakishness and feverishness of other nations on the Continent.—Lord Moynihan in the House of Lords, reported in *The Times*.

. . The Prime Minister told the boys that it was proper they should have right ideas about things in general, that they should go in for singing, dancing, writing poetry—for these were things that were wanted in these troublesome times to cheer one up. He counselled them, however, to have all these things under firm control and not permit themselves to be controlled by them. He advised the boys to drop mere individuality and selfishness, if they were ever tempted to such, and remember always to play the game of life in the clean spirit.—*The Times*.

Exactly opposite the Prime Minister's saloon carriage on the Continental express at Victoria Station as he stepped out of it was a big mural poster indicating that something British was O K. I thought it happily appropriate that such letters should receive him on his triumphant return from Lausanne—*Star*.

Do you feel grand and proud, British people, and realise that you are made of the salt of the earth—and that you have a right to be even a little saucy!—Elinor Glyn in the *Sunday Dispatch*.

THE OLD SCHOOL
AND ALL THAT

THE OLD SCHOOL

A VIEW OF INTEREST.—Mrs. Ormond Lawson Johnston has recently had her Park Lane flat done up in expectation of a visit from her married daughter. A decided attraction of the flat is that from some of the top corner rooms the garden in which our Princesses play can be seen.—*Society Gossip in the Magazine Programme.*

I always feel sorry for hay-fever victims. They suffer from a disease which those immune to it are always tempted to treat with ridicule rather than sympathy. On the other hand, they can console themselves by reflecting that they are in the same boat with Princess Mary, Lady Crewe, and Miss Betty Nuthall.—*Evening News.*

He was told that sun-bathing was developing at seaside resorts. One way in which their lordships might help was by patronising those resorts, and if it were publicly announced that they were bathing at these places there would be an increase in the number of visitors, at least for one year.—Lord Jessel in the House of Lords.—Reported in *Daily Telegraph.*

One of the most energetic and enterprising of the salesmen at Olympia is the Earl of March—"Freddie" as his friends call him. He has been doing good business with his special bodies sports cars, though not all his customers have realised that they have been served by an earl.—*Star.*

A titled gentleman is invited to communicate with a progressive company with a view to installing him as a director.—Write A., Box 10,161.—Advertisement in *Daily Telegraph.*

The trade union secretaries, lay preachers, stokers and riveters have had their chance. The British people have de-

THIS ENGLAND

cided to be governed by gentlemen, and for this decision the Conservatives need not apologise.—A. A. B. in *Evening Standard*.

There is a strong feeling amongst Baronets that the expression "Dear Sir", being constantly used in commencing a letter nowadays to their servants is therefore not only incongruous, but also discourteous when applied to Members of this ancient and Hereditary Degree. 'I will therefore ask you in future to kindly accord me my title, *which being more than 250 years old—I am not ashamed to ask for*, and commence your letters to me "Sir ——" instead of "DEAR Sir".—Printed slip enclosed with a letter from a certain Baronet.

Ealing magistrates to-day dismissed summonses against Major-General Richard Deane Furley Oldham, Oakwood Court, Kensington, W., for failing to stop his car when signalled by a policeman and driving without due care and attention at Ealing. Sir William Barber, chairman, said they realised a major-general would be the last person to disobey an order.—*Evening Standard*.

SIR,—The fellow who rides in the Row not properly dressed may be the same type who wears a white tie with a dinner jacket or lights his cigar before he sips his port. I always feel sorry for anyone who is ignorant on matters of dress and etiquette for certain occasions. The few of us left (and it is only a few) who know should teach the others.—Yours, etc., Stanley W. Tomkins, Eastbourne.—*Daily Telegraph*.

Recently I have been to Hyde Park to watch the riding there. I wish to state how shocked I am to see so many people of both sexes turn up in our wonderful Rotten Row to do their riding in costumes which are not only a disgrace to the Royal park

THE OLD SCHOOL

but to their country. What must foreigners think of these exhibitions ?—Sir W. Gilbey repoted in the *Evening Standard*.

The average schoolboy to-day is what, without wishing to be a snob or old-fashioned, I would call a "bit of a bounder". I mean that he does not know when to put on the correct clothes or how to put them on. His one idea seems to be to dance to music on the gramophone in preference to riding, shooting, or playing games. Nevertheless, I would point out to Mr. Blakiston that golf and tennis, like bridge, are games which, if not played moderately well, make one a confounded nuisance socially.—Yours, etc., Ian Fenwick, Stamford.—From letter in the *Daily Telegraph*.

Home School for Retarded Sons of the very Upper Classes.—Three vacancies ; M.A.—Write Box —.—Advertisement in *The Times*.

FLOREAT ETONA.—Lord's has come this week, and many dinner reunions of Old Etonians and Old Harrovians. All the more reason for drinking the toast "Floreat Etona". But the words have just now an added meaning, just as "God Save the King" acquired a tremendous fervour when the King was ill.—*Saturday Review*.

Mr. B. in one letter to Dr. Burt-White wrote : Sir,—You will not be surprised to receive a letter from me. My home is closed to cads and people of your type. I prefer straightforward men and people who realise that "manners maketh man", even though they were not educated at Winchester.—*Daily Telegraph*.

It was on the historic grounds of Home Park at Hampton Court, and the home team was a secondary school which is

THIS ENGLAND

honoured with a few fixtures with public schools because it has a history dating back to the Tudors.—“Polaris” in the *Star*.

There are many schools where boys from rather common lower middle-class homes sit cheek by jowl with the sons of officers, of clergymen, and under masters who are gentlemen. The result is surprising and eminently satisfactory. . . . The bureaucrats now want to interfere with our schools, the schools we choose for our boys, the schools we remember and love with all their faults, our old schools. And if we don't watch the affair they will have their way. They will begin with inspecting. They will end by dominating, and when they have dominated they will destroy.—*National Review*.

The public school code embraces the Ten Commandments. It also embraces the Lord's Prayer, the Sermon on the Mount, and Kipling's “If”.—*Daily Express*.

He strolled over to the window tapping his glasses on his hands, a tall figure of a man, grey-haired, with a sandy moustache, very erect, dressed in the untarnishable livery of the Senior Official—black morning coat and waistcoat, grey striped trousers, grey tie with pearl pin—and the strong face, the face of a public schoolmaster, softened.—*Daily Mail*.

Messel, who went to Eton and Oxford, is one of the young men of the type the Labour Party wants. They say he is so good-looking that he looks like Valentino before he got fat. But he has brains.—*Daily Herald*.

P.C. Coggins added that he took Mr. Milne to the police station, where he was charged. In reply he said, “How can you charge me? I am a public schoolboy”.—*Evening Standard*.

THE OLD SCHOOL

It would be, I suggest, a good thing if old boys of our great public schools made it a rule invariably to accost anyone, of whatever age, whom he sees wearing his school tie. This might prevent those who have no right to wear these ties from attempting to assume a virtue which they lack.—Letter in the *Daily Telegraph*.

Everyone agrees that the private view would be a lost and forlorn occasion without the presence of Lady Alexander.—*Evening News*.

Last night Mr. C. B. Cochran presented her in her old rôle of "La Pompadour"—pronounced "Pomperdore" by all the cast except Miss Laye.—*Daily Mail*.

"You require discipline. You are a lady by birth and therefore I am inclined to trust you and so help you through. I have convicted you, but I am not going to sentence you."—Report in *The Times*.

Since the influx of the provincials the pre-war Londoner has kept in the background. It would not do to be hospitable to some of the provincials in London. They trespass on and take advantage of Londoners' amenities. I suggest there should be a quota for the number of provincials allowed to reside in London.—Yours, etc., Gay 'Nineties, Kensington.—*Daily Telegraph*.

Miss Rosita Forbes, whose bravery has never been questioned, feeling the urge to write a novel about everyday people and things, went to live for a time with a lower-middle-class family (so her publishers tell me) in order to get the right atmosphere. The result of this extraordinary experience is to be found in a

THIS ENGLAND

novel from her hand about to be published.—*John o' London's Weekly*.

Young Memisahib, smart, tall, good dancer, Requires Partner (Sahib) ; small fee ; expenses.—T. M., 4813, *Morning Post*, E.C. 4.—*Morning Post*.

An earl and two viscounts on the platform—and only six people in the audience. Such was the annual meeting of the Domestic Servants' Benevolent Institution held at Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, yesterday. "We are rather an old-fashioned society, and I am afraid are rather in a rut", said Earl Bathurst, who presided. "I think we ought to try and get more people to take an interest in us." Viscount Burnham said that the society was none the worse for being an old-fashioned one. Viscount Clifden said it was a pity that so few servants joined the society.—*Daily Express*.

Lord Winterton, speaking at Oundle School Society last night on the reform of the House of Lords, said : "Those who are not proud of the traditions of their country as embodied in the House of Lords should indeed be identified with the yellow-bellied pacifists of the Oxford Union".—*Sunday Times*.

"How did you treat me, Lord Gifford, when I came to work on the Friday after the accident?" he asked.

Lord Gifford : "I treated you as dirt, and that is how you ought to be treated".—*Daily Mail*.

AGONY COLUMN

AGONY COLUMN

My existence is doubly cursed ; perspiration and receding gums. Can anything be done about it except endure and suffer it ?—Box —.—Personal column, *Morning Post*.

Oh ! Oochie Goochie : You've got two hind legs—why don't you get up on them and say " things " to me ? I like having " things " said to me.—Personal column, *Morning Post*.

Oh ! Puggy Woggy.—Who powders your lovely little lingering face of love now ?—Advertisement in *Morning Post*.

Rabbits to Let (good).—Write Box 539 *News*.—*Cumberland News*.

Loan of Typewriter Wanted ; work for God and Empire during next term ; every care taken ; carriage paid both ways.—C., 23 Winchester Road, Oxford.—Advertisement in *Oxford Times*.

Wanted, Young Lady to Help in Bar ; one that can vamp preferred.—Box C 4666, *Mail and Echo*, Cardiff.—*South Wales Echo*.

Wanted, Loan of a Sailing Craft, with auxiliary engine, capable of sailing to New Guinea. Twelve souls inclusive. Object—Natural science exploration. Or will some owner take us ? Intend start April, 1932.—Reply BM/BJMT, London, W.C. 1.—Personal column, *Morning Post*.

A very ambitious yet cheerful Young Man would undertake any work to enable him to earn, during his spare time, the sum of £2,000. He would be very grateful to anyone, who could help him.—Write Box T 1022.—*The Times*.

THIS ENGLAND

Mrs Puddephatt, Little Baddow, near Chelmsford, Essex, gives notice to Miss C Barry, 88 Brompton Road, S W , that unless the charges due on the Great Dane left with her are paid within one month from this date it will be sold without further notice —*Daily Telegraph*

Young Man/about Town, suddenly reduced from £8,000 a year to 4d , well known in Society and still member best clubs, Offers Services mornings, evenings, as escort theatres, dancing, as make-up man at parties or ciccone through London Season —Box 3074, 12 and 14 Mayfair Place, W 1 —Personal column, *Morning Post*

Owing to exceptional times young English gentleman would Sing at any time , small fee , gramophone record or trial given —Advertisement in *The Times*

Young Lady, orphan, practically destitute through financial crash, no fault of her own, seeks work in cheery family , preferably where she can have some time for practice of singing —Personal column, *Morning Post*

Idle !—Lady with far too much spare time is most anxious for Occupation two or three days a week , anything of interest considered , keen and capable —Advertisement in Personal column, *Morning Post*

Wanted young Governess for 2 small children One willing to pay towards board for good home —Mrs Bellamy, Maise-more, Glos —Advertisement in *Church Times*

Mother will arrange to send her charming daughter (presented last season), paying small expenses, to lady with London and country house, who wants useful girl —Write Box —. —Advertisement in Personal column, *The Times*

AGONY COLUMN

Two young clerks, 20 and 21, handsome and prepossessing, of artistic temperament and of limited ability, one in singing and painting and the other as a poet-novelist, want jobs.—Write Box —.—Advertisement in *Daily Telegraph*.

Will rich, benevolent person Give Car to impecunious worthy family ?—Box —.—Personal column, *Morning Post*.

Author, 29, tall, smart, of excellent birth, seeks original, artistic, or foreign people who might freshen his ideas.—London, W.C. 1.—Personal column, *Morning Post*.

A Novelist of International repute Coaches personally Literary Aspirants by rapid new method, including plot invention by Pastiche system ; fees one guinea a month.—Advertisement in *Morning Post*.

Cultivated Family offers splendid Home to student, business, or professional man. English lessons if desired. Hot and cold water. Excellent food. Ping-pong. Any reasonable arrangement considered.—Advertisement in *The Times*.

Bachelor, age 29, estate agent and auctioneer, brilliant prospects, income £400 a year, tall, dark, pushing business man, wishes to correspond with a young lady spinster with about £1,000 cash, 20-25, of good education, Congregationalist preferred, view early marriage.—*Matrimonial Times*.

Required for January in Preparatory School, Classical Master ; good Association football and cricket essential ; excellent opening for young man with private means just leaving Public School and wishing to be trained for scholastic profession.—Write Box —.—Advertisement in *The Times*.

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Youth, age 18½, 6 ft. 9½ in., 19½ stone, Public School, good games, seeks Job with scope for physique with intelligence and character.—Write Box —.—Advertisement in *The Times*.

£100 will be paid to anyone placing Gentleman's Son in remunerative, progressive position ; age 22 ; Public School.—Advertisement in *The Times*.

Business woman, 34, modern, *some intelligence, but keen on real music*, and having no musical friends, would like to hear from like-minded man, car-owner, with view friendly exchange Sunday drives and musical evenings.—Advertisement in Personal column, *Morning Post*.

Small, quiet House Cow, with Calf ; price nominal if kind home assured.—Write Box 373, *Courier Office*, East Grinstead, E.G. 373.—*Kent and Sussex Courier*.

Business Man wishes acquire Public School accent.—S. B., 4013, *Morning Post*, E.C. 4.—Advertisement in *Morning Post*.

An Old Etonian is invited to co-operate with the Board of a Company (on which Harrow and Winchester are represented) launching an important new British industry. A salaried executive position open. No capital required.—Write Box 04175.—Advertisement in Personal column, *The Times*.

Advertiser, Sahib, would Lend to gentry a charming medium-sized Country House, furnished, for three to nine months ; on River Ouse ; all conveniences ; charming three-acre garden ; four stables ; suit sahib log on leave from India or hunting people ; two good hunts ; self stay on as guest or would let.—Box —.—Personal column, *Morning Post*.

AGONY COLUMN

Public School Tradition.—Gentleman, 35, good position, denied above, desires introduction sportsman same age or younger willing to share advantages denied advertiser. Delightful country home or would join bachelor as paying guest. Southern England. Interests, work, riding, and motoring.—Write Box S 449.—*The Times*.

Gentleman wants another to join him for bicycle ride round the world ; foreign languages an asset.—Write Box —.—Advertisement in *The Times*.

BLUSH-BAGS

BLUSH-BAG : A handy contrivance, of linen or other material, which can be clapped over the face to hide embarrassment.

BLUSH-BAGS

TO-DAY'S PARABLE.—"The Gold Standard is safe. But were we to lose the L, God Standard, safer far, would still be ours."—*News-Chronicle*.

It is a splendid thing to ask yourself the first Sunday in every month—"Where am I going? Have I gone up or down? Am I fatter? Thinner? Meaner? More generous? Do I eat too much? Am I becoming a small yellow dog—or am I rising in aims and character?"

If you can answer those questions honestly, and then profit by what you discover in the replies—you need not fear the twenty years' test! And now having got this off my chest—I am going out into God's sun to see YOUTH frolicking in the Sea.—Elinor Glyn in *Miss Modern*.

Your Question.—"I want to ask your opinion about baby, Matron. She is just five months old and up to the present has caused us no anxiety whatever. . . . Now, for the last few days, she has gone to sleep with her feet crossed over one another. Also, my hubby and I both think that from the knees to the ankles her legs look crooked. Do you think it can possibly be the beginning of rickets?"

My Answer.—"Many babies at that age look as though their wee legs were crooked, little mother. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred this appearance is only because an infant's limbs, being rather fat and podgy, look somewhat out of shape. Until baby begins to walk and gets rid of the rolls of fat round the ankles, her legs will never look very neat. If you have a peep at any other tiny babe of about the same age as your girlie, you will find that its legs look just as crooked."—*Wife and Home*.

THIS ENGLAND

NINE WONDERFUL MONTHS—The great event to which you have been looking forward with such longing and, maybe, with some misgivings, too, little mother-to-be, is now very close at hand. Read this instructive article by our clever Maternity Doctor, and you will gain the knowledge and confidence you need to fortify you for the completion of your wonderful work — *Wife and Home*.

The children laden with spades and buckets are digging in the sands and throwing stones into the ocean. How young it makes one feel to see them. Honour to the man who first invented the spade and bucket for children at the seaside, but we are all children still at heart, only we have to pretend to be grown up so as not to shock other people — *Bristol Observer*

There is no finer citizen in public life to-day than Lord Rothermere — Lord Beaverbrook in the *Evening Standard*

"You", he went on, "who deal in high finance and commerce on a great scale have nothing to fear. The City of London is incurably and fundamentally religious—not as a last resort, not as a sort of bartering or give and take with God, but with a continual and eternal recognition of God at all times" — *Daily Express*.

I will be perfectly frank. Feminists throw stones at me, point me out as a weak, silly woman. I don't care. *I like a man to be the boss . . . I must say I do like a man who can give someone a good sock on the jaw!* — Jean Burnup in *Daily Express*.

Mrs. Wimbush, who does not ride to hounds, said she would carry on the hunt for the sake of the deer, so that they should be fairly treated, and not shot. — *Observer*.

BLUSH-BAGS

Then, at a word from the judge—who complains that there is no oxygen in this place—her day's ordeal is over. And Sir Patrick is asking if that tragic mother, that tragic father, may be allowed their few words with her. And because, even as this our law is just, so is it merciful, that clemency is allowed.—(World copyright.)—Gilbert Frankau in *Daily Mail*.

TO-DAY'S PARABLE.—However dark the Tenement of the soul, for the mind endowed with Humour there's a Playground on the Roof.—*News-Chronicle*.

Looking up presently I found that the children had gone. There was only me and the Bible in the silent room. It was a solemn moment.—Reginald Pound, Literary Editor, in *Daily Express*.

VICAR'S GOLLIWOG.—The Rev. J. F. L. Thomas will carry a golliwog at the Christmas toy service at St. Mary's Church, Stoke Newington, N., this afternoon.—*Sunday Express*.

Many good things in life can be bought. But the very best things in life can never be bought. The really worth-while joys, the really worth-while satisfactions are not subject to a gold standard. They are subject to a soul standard.—*Daily Express*.

I have a little dream daughter (she never may be real), and her name is Felicity. I cannot vouch for its popularity, but is it not a charming name, and does it not seem to fit in beautifully with all that is best in life?—Rosemary Phileatt, Tavistock, Devon.—Letter in *Daily Express*.

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When Lady (McLaren) Brown wrote her little book, *John and Mary and Tommy*, she probably thought it would be read and understood only by children. Adults, too, however, have been fascinated by her imagery and her stories of Canadian children. Listen to this infant defying the sea :

Oh Mister Sea, oh Mister Sea,
I hear you boom
And rage and storm !
And skirl and shriek,
And hiss and break
Upon the shore ;
But, Mister Sea, you *don't* scare me !

—*Daily Express*.

A blue-eyed baby girl found in an alley-way off Myrtle Road, East Ham, late on Christmas Eve, has been nicknamed "Chrissy Eve" at the Central Homes, Leytonstone, where she is being cared for.—*Daily Telegraph*

" Just like the man in the moon,
I'm all alone, with no one to spoon ;
Searching the world up above,
Searching for some one to love."

These are four lines from a poem written by the Rev. T. Pittaway, the parson-poet of Frome and rector of Rodden, which has been published as a foxtrot. It may be heard in a new talkie soon and on gramophone records.—*Daily Express*.

THE HEART OF BRITAIN IS SOUND ! " I am sending this bracelet to aid the nation in its crisis. It was given me by the dearest mother that ever breathed, now in the Great Beyond, and I send it along with a prayer for all heckled people like Mr.

BLUSH-BAGS

J. H. Thomas and the Premier, who are nobly 'listening in' to their consciences."—*Daily Mail*.

Lord Beaverbrook said grimly : " There is a suggestion that I am using Press power in order to prevail in the contest I am waging. . . . If ever a man was the victim of a Press vendetta I am that man ".—*Evening Standard*.

'Tis December as I write and God gave us memory that we might have roses in December. I turn in thought to the summer past and recall the Highland blue of sky and lake and sea and I hear anew the heather-bells chiming in the breeze of evening and the mystery of Scotland descends again into my soul and I give thanks to Heaven for the bestowal of delectable beauty upon a land beloved. And the romance of Scotland, the wine and the tears of the long yester-years, visits me at this hour and Life is hallowed anew and a hush comes to the heart. I praise this magazine, this *S.M.T.*, for the gifts it brings to me in London, the gifts from Scotland's treasure-house of sons and splendour, history and heroism, tenderness and majesty. The *S.M.T.* is finely edited, choicely produced, gloriously illustrated, and I shout to it, "A very happy and prosperous New Year!"—Message from Sydney Walton in *S.M.T.* (Scottish Motor Transport).

THE ARTS
INCLUDING
PRESERVING THE COUNTRYSIDE

THE ARTS

The organisers achieved some of the most remarkable results in the fairly extensive history of exhibition-making. The transformation of corrugated iron cattle-sheds into a most perfect reproduction of Tudor brick and stone work, by the use of moulds taken from actual buildings in England, produced an atmosphere purely and unmistakably British — *The Times*

All the houses in the Tudor Village are equipped with Electrolux products — From a notice at the Ideal Home Exhibition

Architect who can build the unique, best, and largest gentleman's Tudor House or Cottage, to look old, costing £2,500 (25 required), write Box — — Advertisement in *The Times*

The day of the old red brick house, with its plain and unprepossessing exterior, would seem to be over. There are still red bricks, but every effort is now made to present a pleasing frontage by means of ornamental woodwork of the Tudor type or decorative tiling effects. So far has the art of the craftsman advanced that the beams that span some of the modern houses look almost as if they had been there since Elizabethan times — *Scotsman*

This firm's new style old-world cottage furniture will make a strong appeal to the real home lover. It is a definite change from modernism, which is often out of harmony with its surroundings architecturally, the house of to-day being so often on Tudor lines. We feel sure this new style will be of great interest to the trade — *The Cabinet Maker and Complete House Furnisher*

The B B C studio at Broadcasting House, from which services and Bible readings are broadcast, is to be made like a

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small chapel The whole decorative scheme is to have a religious *motif* There will even be a dummy altar — *Yorkshire Evening Post*

Undoubtedly the main problem of the competition lay in the extent to which the new building should pay attention by its elevations to its neighbour, the undistinguished Gothic municipal offices. In choosing the design by Messrs Bradshaw Cass and Hope, the assessor, Mr F Winton Newman, decided that it should be reasonably "Gothic" in appearance but that the plan should be definitely of the twentieth century — *Architect and Building News*

Mr Mitcheson — To ask the Secretary of State for the Home Department if he will instruct the police to compel the directorate of the British Broadcasting Corporation to remove immediately the statue recently placed over the front entrance of Broadcasting House in Portland Place, as being objectionable to public morals and decency — From Order Book of the House of Commons

Dean Inge made some caustic comments about modern art last night, when he was speaking at the banquet in celebration of the one hundred and twenty-third exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, held in the Institute's Galleries in Piccadilly. "Modernist atrocities are happily not admitted here", he said, "although certain specimens were set out for our marvel in the recent French Exhibition" — *Daily Telegraph*

The Commemorative Exhibition of British painting and sculpture at the Royal Academy will find little favour among critics of a Communist mind. It is too varied in ideas and

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expression to satisfy their one-way thought and action. Destroy everything made yesterday is their catchword. Away with beauty and replace it with the Calibanistic ugliness of the Robot order. Already the Communards are building homes and workshops for the machine-made men and women, who, according to their philosophy, are to represent the final estate of the human race. As if life were not eternal, and ideas everlastingly in a state of mutation. Mutability of mind and form is apparent in the art at Burlington House.—“Our Art Critic” in *Morning Post*.

Very pleasant to see, but of a less pronounced sentimental appeal, are the works of Mr. Maresco Pearce. They are too obviously “arranged” according to an artificially evolved pictorial scheme, and do not have sufficient emotive backing to instil inherent vitality into their tastefully organised but paramountly decorative aggregate of constituent features.—*The Observer*.

A resident of Woodbridge (Suffolk) discovered early yesterday that the face of a statue of Queen Victoria on the Market Hill had been covered with tar. The matter was reported to the police. The statue, which was erected to commemorate the Jubilee, has been the subject of considerable criticism from time to time, and it had been suggested that it should be removed to a more remote part of the town.—*The Times*.

“... ‘Nothing really like it has ever been seen before’, said Mr. —. ‘It disregards every tradition in architectural design and colouring. Every pillar, wall, and fresco is of a distinct type; the curves have been drawn with eyes shut, so that the artist should not be influenced by recalling known designs’.”—*Electrical Review*.

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I want to leave with you the idea of introducing the children to the Literature of Art as to the Literature of Books, that as the sight of a statue of Sir Walter Scott or of Charles Dickens may call forth from them a recital of the names of those of his works which they have read, with mention of favourite characters, so in the National Gallery the sight of Botticelli's "Nativity" or of Turner's "Frosty Morning" may produce a spontaneous narration of all the details noticed when the picture was studied. This is an experience which all should be able to enjoy—*Parents' Review*

When consideration of the Import Duties Bill was resumed in the House of Commons this afternoon Mr Neville Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, moved a new clause to ensure that goods manufactured or produced more than 100 years ago shall be exempt from the new duties. The clause, he said, was intended to exempt works of art—*Evening Standard*

THE NUDE—Sir, I agree with the Mayor and Mayoress of Blackburn in their public-spirited attitude towards the nude. Many of the statues in our museums and other public places cause shame to a sensitive person because the uncovered human body, whether in the flesh or represented in statuary, is obviously indecent. The Victorians were right—Anti-Sex—Letter in *Daily Dispatch*

THE ARTS

PRESERVING THE COUNTRYSIDE

Do you want charming bungalow on unspoilt hilltop ?—
Advertisement in the *Week-end Review*

It is on the top of a hill, where a former squire had his park
You come on it quite by accident in a country lane by an old-
world church, hemmed in by trees Here you can build what
sort of house you like—a week-end bungalow or a detached
house—*Evening Standard*

"Ain't it Grand to be Bloomin' Alive" Beautiful Eng-
land, why not own a Bit FREEHOLD on Main Brighton Road,
50 x 300, lovely views, all services on, £175, "A Gift"
—Write or call, "Kreepy", Crawley, Sussex—Advertisement
in the *Kent and Sussex Courier*

WEST SURREY NEAR THE SUSSEX BORDER A FAITHFUL PROTOTYPE OF AN OLD BLACK-AND-WHITE SUSSEX MANOR HOUSE

ENJOYING ONE OF THE LOVELIEST SITUATIONS IN THE
HOME COUNTIES 550 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL

Built of genuine old materials Elegantly appointed and
possessing a most intriguing interior, which is rich in charac-
teristic features such as old oak beams, open fireplaces, oak
floors, leaded light windows, etc Providing an effect which is
unusually artistic The views from the residence are really ex-
ceptional and impossible of adequate description on paper
Good society, golf links, polo, fishing, shooting and hunting
available—Advertisement in *The Times*

Branksome Pleasure Grounds, which extend inland for about
a mile and a half, make a pleasant sheltered retreat in which the

THIS ENGLAND

woodland conditions have been skilfully retained. A tiny stream tumbling down to the beach has been given a concrete bed and disciplined to provide waterfalls at appropriate spots.—*The Times*.

Beckington Abbey, near Frome, once the home of monks, has been sold to a syndicate of Bath business men. It is proposed to turn the Abbey into a motorists' dance club and restaurant.—*Autocar*.

We agree with the principles of town planning, but nothing should be done to impede building or industrial development on reasonable lines.—Lord Dynevor, Chairman of the Land Union, in letter to *The Times*.

ANIMALS

ANIMALS

Talking Green Parrot, five years old ; genuine Amazon ; exhibition plumage ; undoubtedly finest, plainest, most free talker living ; can say anything, real chatty, talkative bird ; his equal seldom heard. Prospective purchaser invited to hear him. Charming pet, perches shoulder, talks to you ; particularly good tempered ; smart mimic, sings songs, whistles tunes ; spells own name, GOLLY ; counts 1, 2, 3, 4 ; repeats two nursery rhymes. Opportunity to secure exceptionally clever bird. £10 10s. with cage. If unable to come have him approval before payment.—Write Box —.—Advertisement in *The Times*.

They are very interesting and clever birds individually. I knew one starling that was a devoted friend to a lady who reared it after it fell from its nest ; it was free to go in and out of the house, and when its friend was ill and had to stay in bed for a few days, the starling used to bring forget-me-nots to decorate her pillow.—Letter from Lady D. Rolleston in *Sunday Times*.

" I was quite sure, this morning, that he was going to win something ", Miss Tilley told an *Echo* reporter. " He seemed so pleased with himself and meowed excitedly.

" He always was a lucky cat. I entered him once before in a draw, and he won a Christmas hamper."—*Liverpool Echo*.

Lord Leigh complains that the squirrels had appropriated all his walnuts. We are getting every year to realize more the just claims of animals. Lord Leigh could buy walnuts, and the squirrels have to find them and store them for their winter food. Nature provides nuts of all kinds for the squirrels.—Lady Rolleston, Glen Parva Grange, Leicester.—Letter in *The Times*.

THIS ENGLAND

Good home wanted for very dear wee black female Kitten with cat lovers and garden. Write Box, etc.—Advertisement in *The Times*.

Why not try to make a pet of a toad? A toad will eat practically any living insect, in addition to slugs and worms. To make it tame and friendly, offer it food regularly.—*Young Soldier*.

The grey and brown squirrels live here, on Selborne Hill, in perfect amity. Perhaps it is the spirit of Gilbert White that induces such amiability and good fellowship.—J. B. Günner, Selborne, Hants.—*News-Chronicle*.

SIR,—The proposed action of the L.C.C. is no less than atrocious. Are grey squirrels locusts that they would devour and destroy every leaf of green that came within their reach? Are they chimeræ that they have no beauty of their own? . . . —Alan C. Jenkins, Southampton.—Letter in *Sunday Times*.

The soul of a gallant racehorse ascended from Hawthorn Hill yesterday to join the immortals. His name was Cedarwood. He was owned—if one can claim ownership of an immortal—by Mr. Hutchinson, the publisher, and Doherty rode him—or, rather, was with him—on his last earthly journey.—*Daily Express*.

Rin-Tin-Tin, that almost human dog of kinema fame, is happy in the Great Beyond because "death reunited him with a blue-eyed three-year-old baby boy pal with whom he played and romped when he was still on earth", according to Professor T. J. Littlejohn, a spiritualist and psychologist of wide fame, and his greyhound Nell. "Will you ask Nell what Rin-Tin-Tin of the movies is doing in the Great Beyond—and whether

ANIMALS

he is happy ? " I said as soon as Professor Littlejohn took me into his letter-strewn study. " Tell those who loved me on earth not to grieve. I have sent another dog to replace me ", came the dead dog's message to the living hound which sat curled up on a sofa beside her master.—*The People*.

Surely no mother-love can equal that all-absorbing interest we feel in our pets, and the more improbable the pets, according to the modern craze, the more passionate our regard for them. The child can always be sent back to its nannie and the nursery when we weary of its endless questions. But who except ourselves can we trust with our precious little Annie, the ant-bear, or that perfect and most precious treasure Fanny, the white cockatoo ?—*Vogue*.

One rarely sees the Duchess of Newcastle at a wedding, as her chief pleasure is in tending her wonderful kennels.—*Daily Telegraph*.

I know many married women who would suffer from boredom or nervousness if they had no dog to give them friendship and entice them out for exercise.—*Evening Standard*.

One good reason for keeping the movable Easter is that there are thousands for whom it is an important break in a life of routine, and it surely brings a pleasant variety into many drab lives that this break comes one year with the chiff-chaff, another with the swallow, and another with the hope of the earliest swift.—Mr. D. Turner, United University Club, S.W. 1.—Letter in *The Times*.

I am sorry you are suffering this mental anguish because you destroyed your canary. You say you did this rather than let it go to strangers, so the motive was a kind one, and I really feel there is

THIS ENGLAND

nothing for you to blame yourself about. I am sure you put it to sleep in a kind way. Don't let this worry become an obsession. Put it out of your mind.—To "Despondent".—*Home Chat*.

By insisting on British furs a woman will be doing a practical and graceful service to the dumb animals whose furs give her so much joy.—Letter in the *Eastern Daily Press*.

DORA MOWER (London, S.W. 18).—If your tortoise wakes up again before spring offer it at once a little warm bread and milk.—*Daily Mail*.

MINORITIES

MINORITIES

The Society was active in complaint during 1930. Its protests ranged from a strong letter to the Postmaster-General, objecting to smoking in post offices and telephone boxes, to one addressed to a chocolate firm. The ground of complaint here is that the firm has issued a poster showing a young man with a cigarette in his mouth—From a report in *The Times* of the fourth annual meeting of the National Society of Non-Smokers

Let us get back to Nature and leave the clock alone. Some few years back it was suggested firing at the clouds in order to make rain, with the result that it has not stopped since. Leave Nature alone, for we cannot afford to play with it—R. T. Gladwell, E. 13—*Daily Sketch*

SIR,—The “daylight saving” plan comes into operation on Sunday. No apology is needed for urging in the general interest the return of fixed and constant time. Clock manipulation, or Summer Time, introduced in 1916, still retains its war-time taint.

Everywhere it has brought mischief and dissension. Could it be otherwise? It has set town against country, manhood against childhood, and pleasure, sport and recreation before honest toil and rest. It is a conspiracy against law and order, an offence against honesty and truth—L. A. Tealey, Blaby—*The Fruitgrower*

QUEEN ELIZABETH—To those who hold in honour the memory of England's great ruler. If you resent the manner in which her Majesty is invariably held up to obloquy and ridicule whenever portrayed on the stage, as in the latest German

THIS ENGLAND

example, you are invited to communicate with Lady Cowans, 35 Oakley Street, S W —Advertisement in the *Morning Post*

CIM Prayer Meeting, Y W C A Rooms, 116 George Street, on Saturday Tea 3 30 Meeting, 4 o'clock Speaker—Miss Cruickshank, from Kwei Ki, "*Marvellously Preserved and Delivered*" All interested invited

A Literal Wedding in Heaven The Bride and Groom and the Marriage Feast Hear about it. The Garden of Eden located Sunday, 7 30 p m, Memorial Hall, Albert Square —*Manchester Guardian*

Was the Fall of the Gold Standard prophesied by Daniel ?—Contents bill of *Christian Herald*

Every infant when he dies is received by the Lord and educated in Heaven and afterwards becomes an angel —Swedenborg Enquiries are invited and should be addressed to the Manager, 20 Hart Street, W C 1 —Advertisement in a railway carriage

The time has come for the people to know that their hope for happiness, prosperity, and peace lies only in Almighty God and his kingdom soon to be established on earth For this reason arrangements have been made for the truth to be broadcast from FECAMP, TOULOUSE and RADIO-VITUS All these stations can be easily received by the average three-valve screen grid set in this country, especially in the South of England —Pamphlet issued by *The Watch Tower*

May I remind your young readers that March 6 is "Mothering Sunday", when the grand old custom of giving gifts to mothers is revived, and lovely cards scented with violets, pens,

MINORITIES

book-markers, and other trifles, all so cheap, are supplied post free by the editor of the "Mothering Sunday" Movement, 25 Regent Street, Nottingham, who just asks for ½d addressed envelope, and will send any list of publications on request?—Mrs Amy Cochran, 20 Lancaster Gate, Hyde Park, W 2 — Letter in *The Times*

The sooner Messrs De Valera and gang proceed to terminate the present one-sided relations of the Free Murder State with this country the more pleased we English will be. We have a huge horde of Irish Catholic paupers, criminals, lunatics, unemployables, and Communists here who will then become liable to deportation as undesirable aliens, and who certainly will be deported if by then the Home Office is freed from Jewish control—Joseph Banister, February 27, 1932 —Postcard sent to the Editor, *Week-end Review*

I think that a great mistake has been made in the abolition of the charge of one penny for admittance to Kew Gardens. One penny can hurt no one, and it helps to keep these beautiful gardens from becoming a playground for children, for no parents would pay a penny a head for their children merely for the sake of playing about. The only two days when one can enjoy these beautiful gardens are Tuesdays and Fridays, student days, when the admission is sixpence—J M K Lupton, Richmond, Surrey—Letter in *The Times*

The bare-head cult is referred to by Mr Thomas Mallalieu in his annual report as general secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Journeymen Felt Hatters of Great Britain. "Personal observations seem to indicate that the adherents of this semi-wild craze are no less in number", he says, "and in our hat-manufacturing centres youths brazenly walk the streets at times and don't seem to be ostracised"—*Manchester Guardian*

THIS ENGLAND

Some commotion seems to have been caused in Stratford on Thursday by a man who approached the grave of Shakespeare, cast down upon it a card bearing the inscription " Here lies the ghost of Francis Bacon ", hissed out the word " Impostor ! " and strode rapidly away.—*Manchester Guardian*.

THE PRESS
THE ENGLISH NEWSPAPER

THE PRESS

Coming to Fleet Street matters, I hear that Leslie Randall, who is glad to be back from New York, is acting as assistant news-editor on the *Daily Express*. It is the right sort of job for a reporter who specialises in crime—*Newspaper World*

Outside the gates of paradise : A reverent crowd watches Miss Whigham and her attendants rehearsing for her wedding this morning at the Brompton Oratory—Caption to illustration in *Daily Express*

When Mrs Furnace left the house, heavily veiled, the crowd broke through the police cordon. She jumped into a motor-car, and people tried to peer at her through the curtains. Others plucked at the flowers on the wreaths, hoping to secure them as souvenirs—*Daily Express*

Nothing can call back from death the six persons who lost their lives in the wreck of the Royal Scot express yesterday.

But the relatives of those who were registered readers of the *Daily Herald* will have the solace of our great free insurance scheme—*Daily Herald*

He was very calm when the chaplain came into the cell, but when the warders went in at the last minute he became hysterical and shouted long, rambling sentences.

He was in an almost fainting condition when the cell doors were opened for his walk to the scaffold.

As his arms were pinioned behind his back he struggled hysterically and he had to be assisted to the scaffold. . The sentence was humanely carried out—*Evening News*

Mr Justice Branson summed up the case as an "unsavoury" one. The hearing is fully reported on page seven.—*Daily Express*.

THIS ENGLAND

"In these times of stringency and economic distress it is very heartening indeed to know that newspaper reading has become a settled habit of the public", said Mr A. McLaren, secretary—*Daily Express*

ROUSE CONFESSES TO CAR MURDER
OUR £100 REWARD
WILL HE PUT HIS WIFE IN POSITION TO CLAIM IT?
—*Daily Sketch*

Saturday's gathering in the Albert Hall, London, was the most important public meeting that has taken place in the history of the world. Famous statesmen of every party mixed, on the platform, with leaders of every religious creed. The boxes were hung with the flags of all the nations. The air was vibrant with a yearning for Brotherhood—Hannen Swaffer in the *Daily Herald*

It is announced to-day that eight world-famous writers, men and women like Mr Winston Churchill, Sir Philip Gibbs, Mr Warwick Deeping, and Miss Clemence Dane, have co-operated in rewriting in modern language the outstanding stories of the Bible. The newspaper which inspired the scheme and at whose invitation the task was carried out, deserves the thanks of all Bible lovers and many who will now become Bible lovers for having these beautiful stories retold by the greatest writers in the world—*Staffordshire Chronicle*

Besides his beautiful and famous wife and his other attainments, Mr Lowe is well known for his invention of the famous catch-phrase "Sez you!"—*Sketch*

IS HIKING IMMORAL?—Poster of *Daily Herald*

THE PRESS

Is it Grundyish to object to Companionate Marriages ?—
Headline in *Evening Standard*.

Mr. Charles Lacey, newspaper proprietor, who died at Dorchester to-day at the age of 88, went to school with Thomas Hardy, the novelist. Both wore pinafores.—*Evening Standard*.

THE BRAHMS VIOLIN CONCERTO.—But to play the formidable work so well was a great feat for a young girl, comparable with swimming the Channel.—*Daily Mail*.

Now that the season for culinary peas has begun, watch for pods of unusual size, count the peas and send in your claim for the *Daily Express* prize of two guineas. *Do not send pods unless requested.*—*Daily Express*.

Of the thousands of juniors who entered postcards for the "Who is Your Hero" competition, the majority have chosen Mr. Montagu Norman, Governor of the Bank of England. Chalkley, of West Ham United, who was chosen to typify the career of the footballer, and Squadron Leader Orlebar, captain of the Schneider Trophy team, shared second place. Many brilliant postcards were sent in.—*Daily Express*.

What is the ideal husband for the ~~want-to-be-married~~ girl of 1931 ? Fashions in husbands change as rapidly as fashions in clothes, and the ideal man of only ten years ago may be a most unpopular type to-day. There is a vogue in husbands :

The sporting man, the dancing partner, the guardsman, the intellectual, the country squire, each has his day.

Send your views in not more than a hundred words, preferably on a postcard, marked "Husband", to—The Editor, Women's Page.—*Daily Express*.

THIS ENGLAND

MY IDEAL MAN.—He is tall, his eyes vary in colour, some days brown, others grey or blue, but always kindly. His hair is auburn with a natural kink. He is temperate. Not an abstainer. Strong willed. Clean living. Fond of outdoor pursuits. Very musical. Kiddies adore him, and he always has a dog at his heels.—*Daily Express*.

Tall, assured, fair-shingled and gladly dressed in green, Miss A. K. M. Rolfe, now headmistress of Granton Road junior mixed, impressed me with her vitality and natural ways.—*News* (Streatham, Balham and Tooting).

London obediently accepting Marlene as the ice-blonde Nordic seductress. . . . She has carmine nails with china-white tips and, as she talks, she twists and twists at a transparent wisp of a handkerchief with "Marlene, Marlene, Marlene" woven into it in pink letters. But this is not all.—*Daily Mail*.

His [Lord Beaverbrook's] diary, *The Downfall of Asquith*, moves to its climax with the thrill of a sensational serial story combined with the relentless inevitability of a tragedy of Euripides.—*Sunday Express*.

A lurid picture of fanaticism, brutality, desperation, debauchery, and furious sex war. . . . You will like this unusual book.—Colin Still, *Sunday Express*.

MR. SNOWDEN'S MENACE TO GOLF.—Campaign Against Land Tax Assumes National Proportions.—*Morning Post*.

(a) Twenty-five thousand opponents of the Means Test marched from all parts of Tyneside . . . and held the biggest demonstration of its kind ever seen in the North on the Newcastle Town Moor yesterday.—*Newcastle Journal*.

THE PRESS

(b) More than 60,000 people on the Town Moor yesterday took part in the greatest mass demonstration that Newcastle has seen for years —*North Mail* (Newcastle)

(c) Two hundred thousand people from every quarter of this vast industrially depressed area took part in the greatest demonstration Tyneside has ever known To-day I saw 150,000 people on the Newcastle Town Moor —*Daily Herald*.

Extreme dissimilarity between twins is nearly as common as exceptional likeness When twins are boy and girl they are seldom closely alike —*Sunday Express*

As long as the resounding notes of Wagner and Beethoven intermingled with the sweet cadences of Schubert and Sullivan float down the misty vales of this old England of ours, so long as man can gaze on the paintings of Rembrandt and Burne-Jones with something betwixt awe and admiration ; while there is still a love of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Shelley, and the other immortal poets , so long will the music of Edward German shine forth as a bright constellation in the firmament of Art, Literature, and Music —*The Cornishman and Cornish Telegraph*

The engagement is announced of Mr Edward T Benson, of Clifton, Bristol, and Miss Mary Richardson, only daughter of Mr and Mrs C E Richardson, of Wellington, New Zealand. Cremation took place later at Golders Green. —*Morning Post*

ADVERTISEMENTS

ADVERTISEMENTS

Amateur pose photos developed, printed, retouched, etc. Private personal attention by specialist. Low charges. ARTIFICIAL FIG LEAVES for posing (attached without string).—Stamp for particulars from the inventor, Stanley H. Smith, 5 Westbourne Place, Hove, Sussex.—*The Superman Magazine*.

No longer does any wearer of false teeth need to be annoyed or feel ill at ease. Fasteeth, a new improved powder, sprinkled on your plates will hold them firm and comfortable. No gummy, gooey taste or feeling. Gums and mouth will not get sore. Avoid embarrassment. Get Fasteeth to-day at any good chemists.—Advertisement in *News-Chronicle*.

GREEN TEETH.—My teeth were then green, but I am proud of them now—thanks to Eucryl Tooth Powder.—Eucryl leaflet.

WHAT A DELICIOUS MOUTH!—Who would not envy the girl with breath as fragrant as everyone who sends the coupon can have *free all next week*.—Advertisement in *Punch*.

His Majesty hopes and expects that every true Subject of King and Country will (D.V.) THIS SUNDAY turn out and turn up at his PARISH CHURCH to take part in the great Services of Intercession, arranged for the whole of our Land. Those belonging to
LEYLAND PARISH CHURCH

are herewith notified that at the Special Services, at 10.30 a.m. and 6 30 p.m., The Special Preacher will be

The REV. H. M. WEBB-PEPLOE, O.B.E.

All, save those living like Heathens, will endeavour to be present at their Place of Worship.—*Lancashire Daily Post*.

THIS ENGLAND

BUY ANGLICAN—From advertisement in *Church Times*

If you love him you must hold him You must do all you can to keep his love for you alight Your beauty and your charm were given you for that Will you not add to them the subtle fragrance of Pompeian and read in his eyes how your power over him has deepened ? Pompeian Powder and Bloom have made more engagements than moonlight on the water Thousands of girls have made themselves irresistible by their aid

Add Pompeian to your beauty next time he comes to you and learn how much more you are to him—Advertisement in *Woman and Beauty*

The new line is *touchingly* dependent on the lingerie beneath The little more and one is a bundle , the little less and one is a void Jaeger, with *superhuman* cunning, contrives to blend firmness and flexibility in the most *diplomatic* way in these *astute* little two-piece sets The most sustaining and *secretive* vest that will not gatecrash the *frankest* décolletage Tiny panties that *furl* the hips and waist in the most *etherealising* sheath, yet remain *utterly* plastic and benevolent—Advertisement in *Observer*

Stroll into Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge, ask for the Underwear Dept on the ground floor, and revel in such pretty and practical things as Milanese sets, bed and boudoir jackets of lace-wool, and the newest and loveliest of silk stockings Illustrated here is one Milanese camiknicker which should certainly brighten somebody's Christmas morning !—Advertisement in *Sunday Times*

THE UNCHANGING FESTIVAL !—If we are to share the poet's sentiment that " a rose to the living is more than sumptuous wreaths to the dead ", then surely Christmas Time of all times is

ADVERTISEMENTS

the most fitting time to remember it Away, then, for a few brief hours, with whisperings of Economy Let us revel awhile, whether we can "afford" it or not, in the great and glorious feeling of being Sons and Daughters of Magnificence! Let us discover our hearts again, welding neglected friendships, cheering the lonely, comforting the sad, remembering the absent, winning anew it may be, the grace of Heaven, the joy and happiness and love and laughter of the children These pages may help you —*Harrods News*

OUR NEWS OF THE EARTHQUAKE By Callisthenes — Many people have written to us to tell us how much they appreciated the experience of watching in our Store the actual recording of a terrible earthquake thousands of miles off — Advertisement in *The Times*

"YOUNG SINNERS"—Youth comedy drama Adaptation of Elmer Harris's successful play depicting regeneration of millionaire's wastrel son in Adirondack mountains Essential situation not above suspicion of exaggeration, but built on entertainment lines provides candid and lurid insight into feverish and crazy existence of sons and daughters of wealthy, with unequivocal detail of alcoholic abandon and erotic wildness contrasted with rugged vigour of mountain existence Spirited performance by Dorothy Jordan as pyrotechnical siren of unrestrained physical allure Reappearance of Thomas Meighan in effective characterisation as rugged regenerator Polished production values with mobile camera and fluent direction. Satisfactory popular entertainment —*Cinema News*

NOTE—So unusual is this picture, it must be seen from the beginning Showing daily at 10 15 a m, 12 30, 3 0, 5 15, 7 45, 10 p m—Cinema advertisement in *Evening Standard*

THIS ENGLAND

Unendurable pleasure indefinitely prolonged.—Leicester Square Theatre advertisement.

MURDER AT SCHOOL. By Glen Trevor. Cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.—Murders of fiendish ingenuity, planned with malign and subtle cunning. Suspicion pointing at everyone in turn, from the headmaster down. Just the book for a quiet evening.—From *Ernest Benn's Circular*.

SIEGE OF PLEASURE, THE. By Patrick Hamilton.—The story of a girl's ruin told with sympathy and pleasant touches of humour.—*Times Book Club List*.

FREE TO ALL USERS OF WORDS.—An extensive list of words which shows you how to make your talk, letters, articles and any work with words more brilliant and effective, more inspiring, more penetrative. It is sent absolutely FREE to introduce quickly Hartrampf's Vocabularies, which discriminating people the world over say is the greatest literary invention since the alphabet. Send for the list at once without obligation.—Advertisement in the *Criterion*.

SIRS,—For years I have suffered with a nasty corn under the big toe. After using Reudal Bath Saltrates *the corn came right out*. I enclose the corn, and you are welcome to it (if it is any use to you), as I am more than pleased to get rid of it.—Yours faithfully, (Signed) E. S. Durant.—Advertisement in *Daily Telegraph*.

Golf balls or wearing apparel (used) exchanged for new or repainted balls, good blended tea, coffee, or cocoa. Repaints from 5s. 3d. dozen.—W. G. Hands & Co., 53 Cranham Road, S.E. 16. Bankers, Midland.—Advertisement in *Daily Telegraph*.

ADVERTISEMENTS

YO-YO REVEALS CHARACTER !—It has been said by eminent scientists that any child or individual who will lightly cast aside the Yo-Yo without mastering it, will have difficulty in mastering life's problems. But the child or individual who continually persists upon mastering the Yo-Yo will have little difficulty in meeting life's problems.—Advertisement leaflet.

COUPONS.—Wanted, 7,000 Kensitas, exchange saloon car ; genuine. Selby, 13 Warwick Road, Welling, Kent.

Wanted, Ardath Coupons, 4s. 8d. 100 ; cash return. Clark, 47 Park Road, Coventry.

Cash or exchange 6-quart snowball ice-cream freezer, adjustable wafer holder ; plated server, 24 bone spoons ; 24 glass shells ; accept thousand Summit coupons. Hemming, 62 Mill Lane, Brixton, S.W. 2.—Advertisements in the *Exchange and Mart*.

NOTHING LIKE HORSES FOR FUNERALS. HORSES ADD DIGNITY AND RESPECT.—Advertisement in *Huddersfield Examiner*.

Our acceptance into the fellowship of the Order of the Golden Rule is, we feel, a distinct achievement.

The Order, international in its scope, has upon its great roster only funeral directing organisations of proved ethical standards, and whose prices are eminently fair.—Advertisement in *Evening Standard*.

Catherine of Aragon, Anne Boleyn, Jane Seymour, and his other lovely wives—"Old Hal" was an epicure in the matter of beautiful women. . . . Emulate our Tudor King in your Motoring wants—show the same refined taste by choosing your

THIS ENGLAND

car from the gorgeous selection of over 100 1930 and '31 vehicles at

GEORGE —'s GREAT NEXT TUESDAY (AUG 18)
MOTOR AUCTION

—Advertisement in *Manchester Guardian*

For the small sum of £17 17s a term, moreover, the fortunate pupils at this school are taught such valuable accomplishments as Harmony of Movement and Consciousness of Space—
Advertisement in the *Daily Express*

Shakespeare was a poet who got in some good lines, but he wasn't writing poetry all the time. He fell in love with Anne Hathaway, and used to sit in the chimney corner with her. Wouldn't it be great to know what Shakespeare said to her, what was the tale that Shakespeare told his love. Go to Stratford and sit in the corner where Shakespeare sat and feel your spirit lift at the touch of an Immorta' —L M S advertisement in the *New Yorker*

This will be the first time that posters have been used to advertise G P O services. Much care has been taken in selecting the first design, which will show a pretty girl talking on the telephone —*Evening News*

LOOK ! Great Attraction

RAYMOND TAC

World's Champion Faster

is going to attempt a

65 DAYS' FAST

and

More if possible

Living only on Lemonade and Cigarettes

ADVERTISEMENT S

Strictly under medical supervision, sealed in a glass cabinet
made by F W King, Builder, Clacton Lemonade made by
Messrs Wright and Garrod, Clacton-on-Sea

For a Wager of £250

At 4 p m, on Saturday, June 20, Raymond Tac will enter his
cabinet, which will be sealed The Public are invited to

Witness and Help Seal "TAC" in At

Clacton-on-Sea Pier

This is an Education on Will-Power

On view all Day and all Night!

—Notice at Clacton

Only a man of wide vision, tireless energy and wonderful
powers of organisation would or could have planned so
gigantic an effort as the Great 1931 "Hair" Week announced
to-day—Advertisement in *Radio Times*

No nasty foreign bacon sold here—best Danish and Irish
only—Notice in Islington provision merchant's

SHAKESPEARE'S CLIFF 350 FEET—Yet the length of a
roll of — De Luxe Toilet Paper is even greater!

The fact that every roll of — is 80 feet longer than the height
of Shakespeare's Cliff, Dover, indicates, especially to those who
have seen this well-known cliff, the enormous amount of paper
each — roll contains—Advertisement in *The Lady*

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CONTENTS BILLS AND HEADLINES

ID. IN THE SLOT SUICIDE
Woman found Gassed

CONVICT ESCAPES
From Hospital in Patient's Clothing

BATTERED WITH HAMMER
Stabbed and almost Strangled
ATTEMPTED WIFE MURDER

BODY IN A BAG
Gruesome Find at a Station

DR.'s SON GASED
Tragic Bedroom Experiment

FALL THROUGH A SKYLIGHT

MAN FOUND HANGED
Fear of Unemployment

—Poster of *West London Observer*.

THIS ENGLAND

STABBED TO DEATH
Jealous Husband's Victim

CONSTABLE SHOT AT
Armed Bandit's Night Adventure

GASSED IN AN OFFICE
'Flu Victim's Suicide

BROKEN ROMANCE
Woman's Death Mystery

GAS TUBE IN BED
Cinema Attendant's Suicide

KILLED ON THE PAVEMENT
Non-Stop Stolen Car

NAKED MAN ON ROOF
Lady's Struggle at a Window

—Poster of *West London Observer*.

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THERE'S SUNSHINE ON EVERY PAGE

PITY THE POOR WOMAN MARRIED
TO A BRUTE

By Mabel Horner

HOUSES OF MYSTERY
Scenes of World's Greatest
Crimes

HOW MUCH SHOULD I PAY MY MOTHER ?
By Ruth English

LOVELY GIRL'S TERRIBLE ADVENTURE
Chained up for two months
in a room full of treasure

THE MAN NOBODY WANTS TO KNOW

—*Everybody's.*

PARK TRAGEDY
Man's Revolver Suicide
DROWNING MYSTERY
Servant and Her Lover
POISONED IN A TAXICAB
Fed Up Girl Attempts Suicide

X-ROADS SMASH
Lampless Cyclist Killed
DEAD BABY IN PARCEL
Schoolboy's Gruesome Find
POISONED AND DROWNED
Unknown Man in Canal

FATAL HESITATION
Window Cleaner Killed

—Poster of *West London Observer.*

THIS ENGLAND

TO-DAY'S NEWS :

MYSTERY OF BOUND COUPLE IN RIVER
PARK ATTACK ON WOMAN
DOCTOR CHARGED WITH BIGAMY
REPARATIONS CONFERENCE

—*Daily Mirror.*

BRIGHT GOSPEL SERVICES
are held at the above Hall

EVERY SUNDAY EVENING, AT 7 P.M.

Speaker next Sunday, May 8th :

MR. CHAS. INGLIS,

The well-known Evangelist, who has crossed the Atlantic
96 times

Subject :

" SCENES I HAVE WITNESSED IN CONDEMNED CELLS "

—Advertisement in *Kensington News.*

Thurs. and Sat., March 31 and April 2

Dorothy Mackaill (Hull's Famous Star)

in THE FLIRTING WIDOW

a Sparkling Comedy Drama, and

SIN FLOOD

Thurs. and Sat., Apl. 14 and 16

Una Munsen and Ben Lyon in

THE HOT HEIRESS

—Play bill of the Cinema, Grassington (Wharfedale).

CONTENTS BILLS AND HEADLINES

THE DAY OF "DIRT" IS DONE
By James Douglas

THE END OF OSCAR WILDE

HE'S AN EXPERT HAND WITH DIRT!—Advertisement.
—Three headlines in same issue of *Sunday Express*.

DEEPENING OF THE SPIRITUAL LIFE IN THE OGLE HALL
AT THE REAR OF THESE PREMISES
—Notice outside a chapel at Southampton.

MONOCLED GIRL'S THRILLING ENCOUNTER
WITH SAVAGE BULL
—Poster of *Everybody's*.

MISCELLANEOUS
RICH ASSORTED

MISCELLANEOUS

"SCENE IN A CAR"—It was erroneously stated yesterday in our report of this case that Police-constable Finch said a cut three inches long was made on Mrs Moore's nose. We should have said three-quarters of an inch long. In justice to all concerned we make this correction—*Eastern Daily Press*

At 12.30 we met at the Pavilion Gardens Restaurant and reacted (*sic*) to a festive board which would defy the criticism of an epicure. The menu consisted of Roast Leg of Lamb, Mint Sauce, Vegetables, Italian Trifle, Stewed Fruit and Custard, Bread, Cheese, Biscuits, and Coffee. Leaving Bognor Regis at six o'clock, we journeyed along in a bath of brilliant sunshine which shone overhead like a lake of blue sapphire—*The Clique* (The Antiquarian Booksellers' weekly)

To the strains of mellow music supplied by Danny Vale and his "Avoca" Orchestra, the throng danced merrily to close on midnight. Mr R. Leslie Rawkins acted as M.C. in his usual splendid manner, and it was most pleasing to see the staff mingling with bus passengers and friends. Chocolates and cigarettes were handed round during the evening, and several spot and lucky number competitions were enjoyed by those dancing. A staff bus, kindly provided by the Martin Bus Company, took the merry-makers home at the close of the festivities—*Dagenham Post*

LORD HAILSHAM ON ECONOMY. EXAMPLE SET BY LONDON—The London Municipal Society held a dinner at Claridge's last night—*The Times*

SIX HUNDRED BAPTISMS—Since the commencement of his ministry in the City of Glasgow the Editor has baptised by total

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immersion over 600 adult believers of various assemblies.—*Bible Faith Church Gazette and Evangelical News*.

"We are not at liberty to disclose who the purchaser is, or what price was paid for the estate, but we can assure you that no revolutionary changes will be made in Over Wallop. Everything will go on as before."—Statement by estate agents to the *News-Chronicle*.

The 1932 Report of the International Nickel Company is, all things considered, an encouraging document. . . . Drastic retrenchment was effected in expenses. The number of employees, for example, was reduced by 28 per cent.—*The Financial News*.

Then the worst of them broke into shouts. They seemed to resent something the preacher had said about being thankful and contented. The shouts seemed to be mostly about the prison food.—*The Times*.

Canon Maynard Smith, whose detective novels have provided mental relaxation and entertainment for many hundreds of readers, was the speaker at Stroud Rotary Club on Wednesday. . . . Canon Maynard Smith said that as far as he could make out the fiction of the present day was divided into books dealing with adultery and murder. He was sure they would agree that to read books on murder was by far the more healthy and laudable pursuit.—*Stroud News and Gloucester County Advertiser*.

The Trocadero Restaurant, London, has arranged for its waiters to wear coat and waistcoat buttons which have two white spots in the centre, thus avoiding any possibility of mistaking guest for waiter.—*The P.L.R. Bulletin*.

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MARITAL DRAMA.—Interesting story of thwarted maternity which finds redress in non-marital circles. Unusual theme treated with insight and sympathy, delicate direction treading surely over thin ice of wifely yearnings, eventual seduction and final material achievement. Early scenes appealing in romantic abandon, later development taking full emotional toll in dramatic situation of doctor treating child unaware that latter is own son, husband sobbing over sick boy whom he believes legitimate, and mother renouncing personal happiness for sake of both men. Attractive characterisations by leading trio beautiful exteriors, fine photography, faultless recording of occasionally over-sentimental dialogue, rather contrived and conventional "happy" ending. Interesting entertainment for better-class halls, particularly for women patrons.—Review in *To-Day's Cinema*.

... it was — just fascinating. He brought the house down with "On the Road to Mandalay", an encore to "She Alone Charmeth My Sadness" from Gounod's "Irene", and never before has Bridgwater heard this well-known number sung as it was on Wednesday. Had the hall made a better theatre many a damp eye would have resulted after Mr. Farrington's singing of Far East memories of love long lost.—*Bridgwater Independent*.

"I backed the first three winners", he said, "including a couple of 'bob' on the winner of the National. The book-maker laid us 50's, but only paid out 25's. We would have argued, but then I had won the Irish Sweep." A large company cheered Mr. Cuffin at the inn, where he stood drinks all round. An old resident in the village stated: "There has not been such excitement in the village since 1891, when a railway disaster occurred, resulting in the death of ten men".—*Chester Observer*.

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ADDRESS TO PRISONERS—Mr F W H Winwood, of Worcester, visited Birmingham Prison on Sunday and addressed about 200 male and female prisoners on "The Art of the Furniture Remover" He also addressed the Hammersmith Rotary Club on Friday on the same subject—*Berrow's Worcester Journal*

MUCH AS WE LOVE THEM, PARENTS ARE REQUESTED TO KEEP THEIR CHILDREN QUIET DURING THE PERFORMANCE, AND SO ADD TO THE COMFORT OF OUR PATRONS—Notice above the box-office of a cinema in Edinburgh

THE EMPIRE AS A HOME FOR PIGS—The Empire emerges from the inquiry with more than a third of the world's sheep and 40 per cent of its cattle, but with no more than 4 per cent of its pigs Of the 280 million pigs in the world, only 12 per cent are Empire pigs The Empire has, however, more than a third of all the goats—From an Empire Marketing Board circular

The Virgo mentality is a fascinating study It is systematic, loves efficiency, in the first twenty-eight years of life is often prudish Afterwards the ice melts—*Sunday Express*

A new feature of the next "Hikers' mystery trip" to be run from Paddington at 10.25 a.m. by the Great Western Railway on Sunday, April 24, will be the employment of guides wearing distinctive armlets to lead groups of walkers, with the object of relieving them of the necessity for finding their own routes They will lead them through undiscovered beauty spots, 70 miles from London, and will go over the ground before the trip is run to arrange stopping places for meals—*The Times*

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"The funeral trade has been rather below normal during the past year, but we are not downhearted"

So said Mr E Blake, president of the Southampton branch of the British Undertakers' Association, at a District Funeral Workers' Association meeting yesterday "We are looking forward to better times this year", he added "I think I can safely predict more business"—*Daily Mirror*

A Clapham miner, William Crease, 39, denied at the South-Western Police Court on Monday that he was drunk at High Street, Clapham, or that he behaved improperly there on Sunday afternoon The evidence against him alleged gross disrespect, as well as impropriety, for it was stated that he offended in the doorway of a bank It was an outrage on capital —*South-Western Star*

Saturday, December 19, is *Daily Worker Day* Keep this date open if you want a really enjoyable revolutionary social evening—*Daily Worker*

The coroner also stated that while [the deceased] was a lay reader a doctor prepared papers for him to be certified Instead of being certified he was ordained —*The Times*

The series of articles on "The Outlook for Planning" has been interrupted for reasons of space this week —*Week-End Review*

About 2,000 people sang the Doxology outside Newtownards Courthouse, following the decision of County Court Judge Bates not to grant a licence for the sale of intoxicating liquor to an hotel at Bangor, County Down A large number of Bangor people signed a petition against the granting of a licence —*Manchester Guardian*.

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The gifts, which were received on his behalf by his mother, included five complete sets of clothing for his polo ponies, and a handsomely bound Bible, in which were inscribed the names of the subscribing tenants.—*Liverpool Post*.

"Incised inscription. Read by Professor Sayce as a record of the cure of a Roman lady by the Bath waters, attested by three witnesses ; read by Professor Zangermeister as a curse on a man for stealing a table-cloth."—Copy of part of note specimen exhibited in the Roman baths, Bath.

A crowded audience welcomed the Rev. John Willis, Vicar of Elmbridge . . . in Upton Snodsbury Schoolroom on Tuesday evening, when he lectured upon the commonly seen but unusual subject of "Thatch". The Rev. Canon Holden presided and voiced the general curiosity as to what could possibly be said to occupy an evening, despite the lecturer's well-known skill as a talker.—*Evesham Journal and Four Shires Advertiser*.

Gripping the rails of the gallery with both hands, the man continued to shout. In an effort to drown the noise, the president called on the audience to sing the hymn, "Stand up for Jesus".—*Evening Standard*.

A crowd of about 5,000 people gathered at Prestwick bathing lake last night for the second of the night bathing carnivals, special buses being run from different parts of Ayrshire, and even from Glasgow.

Britannia (Miss Barbara Sumner, soprano, Kilmarnock) and Neptune (Mr. Edwin Ramsay, the well-known baritone) sang from an illuminated fairy boat on the lake.—*Glasgow Daily Record*.

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Mrs Gillate denied that she bit Wilson, stating that she was not wearing her dentures at the time — *The Times*

Commenting on the class for decorated tables, Mr McPhail said that the colouring generally was as near perfection as possible, and each entry deserved a prize "A proper tough lot to judge", was his admission The carrots, he said, were the best he had judged this year, while he was very well pleased with the potatoes generally — *Bridport News*

Mrs N West has just won a competition for eating jelly with knitting needles at Woking, thus winning the Jelly Championship of the Mayford Women's Institute — *Evening Standard*

One cannot but feel that an opportunity was lost when Mr Lees-Smith failed to catch the intruder whom he overheard in his house at Golders Green It would have been an imposing spectacle to see the Minister of Education educating a burglar in the *Seventh Commandment* [our italics] — *Observer*

Mr Davidson said he believed that Mr Walton had been an evangelist He would often be up at different hours of the night because he bred greyhounds — *Evening Standard*

BRIDLINGTON — There were 60,000 visitors A rag was organised in aid of a hospital, and there were many arrests Beach pyjamas were much in evidence — *Daily Mirror*

The crowds will then disperse, but those who are not attending any other place of worship on the Sunday evening are asked to end this memorable day of devotion by attending the evening Nave Service in Bristol Cathedral, at which the preacher will be the Chaplain of the *Evening World Hikers' Legion*, the Rev

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G. H. Dymock, who will preach on "Jacob, the First Hiker".
—*Bristol Evening World*.

The Commissioner of the City Police records that last year 2,052 burglar alarms were given from locked-up premises in the City. Of these one was caused by burglars and 2,051 by defective appliances — *The Times*.

Religious services will be resumed in Princetown Prison to-morrow, but only the good conduct men are to be permitted to attend. — *The Times*.

10.30

EPILOGUE

"THOU SHALT NOT COMMIT ADULTERY"

(For details see page 140)

—B.B.C. Sunday Programme in *Radio Times*.

Mr. A. Dallas Brett, solicitor, defending, pointed out that the sausages would not have been of the slightest use to Smith. He added: "He is a man with traditions behind him, and it is unaccountable that he should have done such a thing". — *The Times*.

The Rev. A. Whitmore, a local minister, won first prizes for sock darning and cake making at a Knaphill (Surrey) church bazaar. — *Evening Standard*.

One reason for keeping dubious books in the private section is that they would be used too much, and we should be forced to spend money to keep them in good order. — A British Museum official, reported by *Evening Standard*.

After more than twenty years as public hangman, Mr. John Ellis, of Rochdale, is now travelling the country fairgrounds

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with a show in which he demonstrates an actual hanging. The show, which is now at Huddersfield Fair, is a detailed representation of the way in which a condemned man is executed at the scaffold. A man stands on the scaffold erected in a booth, and Mr. Ellis blindfolds him and pinions him and puts the noose about his neck. Then he pulls the lever which releases the trap door and drops the man through. It is emphasised that everything is carried out in exactly the same way as that in which Mr. Ellis has performed 204 executions in gaols in all parts of the British Isles.—*Yorkshire Observer*.

He did not think in these days the country should or could afford to subsidise secondary education. It was hardly British justice that those who paid fees for the further education of their sons should have to pay taxes to subsidise other people who did not value them to be rivals and competitors for the limited number of jobs going.—The Headmaster of Sherborne, reported in *The Times*.

A vehicle shall be deemed to be ordinarily kept in the area of the Council in whose area is situated the garage or other place in which the vehicle is ordinarily kept.—Road Vehicles (Registration and Licensing) Regulations, Number 1462.

For real side-splitting laughter there are the games in which the public join. Imagine a very fat man trying to struggle through a small belt as quickly as possible, and you will have some idea of the fun which the seaside towns are having this summer! The Eight are succeeding in their mission.—*Sunday Pictorial*.

The address given by Miss Woodforde, of Castle Cary, at the Witham Friary Women's Institute meeting was on poetry

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and not butter, as stated in error in our issue of last week.—*Somerset Standard*.

Divisions are mustered. The band plays "Voices of the Guns", and, standing beneath the 15-inch muzzles, we sing in the bright sunlight, "Hark, My Soul, it is the Lord"—a strangely moving proceeding.—*News-Chronicle*.

**PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN
BY ROBERT MACLEHOSE AND CO LTD
THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, GLASGOW**